

A GOLDEN BOOK
OF
ENGLISH PROSE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
H. G. RAWLINSON, M.A.
Indian Educational Service

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
87, MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_170799

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

A GOLDEN BOOK OF
ENGLISH PROSE



MACMILLAN AND CO, LIMITED
LONDON BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN CO OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

A GOLDEN BOOK
OF
ENGLISH PROSE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
H. G. RAWLINSON, M.A.

INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1927

COPYRIGHT

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	- - - - -	PAGE VII
SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI	- - - - -	I
(W S Landor, <i>Imaginary Conversations</i>)		
MILTON	- - - - -	14
(Lord Macaulay, <i>Essay on Milton</i>)		
SHAKSPEARE, " THE HERO AS POET "	- - -	28
(Thomas Carlyle, <i>Heroes and Hero worship</i>)		
LA GIOCONDA	- - - - -	48
(Walter Pater, <i>Essay on Leonardo da Vinci</i>)		
ST MARK'S, VENICE	- - - - -	53
(John Ruskin, <i>Stones of Venice</i>)		
THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS	- - - - -	67
(E A Freeman, <i>Norman Conquest</i>)		
THE QUALITY OF MERCY	- - - - -	80
(J H Shorthouse, <i>John Inglesant</i>)		
THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES	- - -	90
(Plato, <i>Phaedo</i> and <i>Apology</i>)		
THE PASSING OF THE BUDDHA	- - -	100
(<i>Buddhist Suttas</i> , trans Rhys Davids)		

	PAGE
THE CONQUEST OF DISEASE - - - - -	109
(Sir R A Gregory, <i>Discovery, the Spirit and</i> <i>'Service of Science'</i>)	
SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT - - - - -	120
(J A Froude, <i>Short Studies on Great Subjects</i>)	

INTRODUCTION

THE compiler of this little book has had chiefly in mind the requirements of the type of student with which he is best acquainted, the undergraduate in the junior classes of our Oriental Universities, though he trusts that the work may have a wider appeal than this. Of the making of anthologies there is no end, but many of those recently published have one common fault. They are too trivial. An essay *On catching a Train*, for instance, may afford excellent entertainment for the moment. But it leaves no permanent impression on the mind. There is nothing in it for the reader to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest." And to an Eastern student, who has never seen a suburban railway station, it conveys no meaning at all. On the other hand, the appeal of the world's great literature is eternal, and independent of time and place. In choosing the passages which make up this little book, the object kept in view has been to select those which combine style with matter, which enshrine noble deeds and ideas in language worthy of their subject. This is the note, as Stevenson somewhere says, which "pleases the great heart of man." "Not only love and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering

humbly supported, touch us in the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also." In nobler books, we are moved with something like the emotions of life. For this reason, two passages lying, strictly speaking, outside what is commonly regarded as English Literature have been included—Plato's account of the Death of Socrates, and the story, from the old Pali *Sutta*, of the Passing of the Buddha. Two of the extracts, Walter Pater's description of the Monna Lisa and Ruskin's immortal pen-picture of St Mark's at Venice, are descriptive rather than narrative, but they can scarcely fail to appeal to the young reader if he has any ear for the harmonies of ornate English Prose.

H G RAWLINSON

POONA, 1927

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born in 1775, and after a stormy career at home, school and college, settled down as a writer about 1795. He was an impulsive, violent man, who quarrelled with all his friends except Southey, made an unhappy marriage, and squandered his fortune upon schemes like helping the Spaniards against Napoleon and refurnishing Llanthony Abbey in Monmouthshire as a place of residence. Apart from his poems and epigrams, his best-known work is his *Imaginary Conversations* (1824-9), one hundred and fifty fictitious dialogues between heroes, statesmen and men of letters, from Achilles to Napoleon. In these famous dialogues, the dead come to life, and much noble thought is enshrined in a singularly chaste and distinguished style. In the selection given below, the great Roman orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero, is discussing, for the last time, the affairs of Rome with his brother Quintus, at their villa by the sea at Formiæ. It is evening, and, as they both feel, the evening of their lives. Mark Anthony was little likely to forgive them for the part they had played in the death of Julius Caesar. The conversation turns naturally upon death, which they discuss in a spirit of calm and stoical resignation, truly Roman.

QUINCTUS

I SEE the servants have lighted the lamps in the house earlier than usual, hoping, I suppose, we shall retire to

rest 'n good time, that to-morrow they may prepare the festivities for your birthday Within how few minutes has the night closed in upon us ! nothing is left discernible of the promontories, or the long irregular breakers under them we have before us only a faint glimmering from the shells in our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus

MARCUS

The Circean hills, and the island of Parthenope, and even the white rocks of Anxur, are become undistinguishable We leave our Cato and our Lucullus, we leave Cornelia and her children, the scenes of friendship and the recollections of greatness, for Lepidus and Octavius and Antonius , and who knows whether this birthday, between which and us only one other day intervenes, may not be, as it certainly will be the least pleasurable, the last !

Death has two aspects dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse fortune Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest To us, my Quinctus, advanced as we are on our way, weary from its perplexities and dizzy from its precipices, she gives a calm welcome let her receive a cordial one

If life is a present, which any one, foreknowing its contents, would have willingly declined, does it not follow that any one would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are ? I speak of the wise

and reasonable, the firm and virtuous , not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding Were it certain that, the longer we live, the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is wise, it is surely the wish that we should go away, unshaken by years, undeprest by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else and yet hardly can that be called so, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it , or that which we cannot put aside if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little The former there are few who can regulate in any way, none who can order what it shall receive or exclude What value then should be placed upon it by the wise, when duty or necessity calls him away ? or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state, where at least he must be conscious of fewer checks and inabilities ? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress, wherein implacable enemies besieged him, having performed all his duties and exhausted all his munition, he issues at a distance into open day

Every thing has its use , life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal object, although it has been

considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the commonwealth. Glory can be safely despised by those only who have fairly won it. A low, ignorant, or vicious man should dispute on other topics. The philosopher who contemns it, has every rogue in his sect, and may reckon that it will outlive all others. Occasion may have been wanting to some, I grant it. They may have remained their whole lifetime, like dials in the shade, always fit for use and always useless. But this must occur either in monarchical governments, or where persons occupy the first stations who ought hardly to have been admitted to the secondary, and whom Jealousy has guided more frequently than Justice.

It is true there is much inequality, much inconsiderateness, in the distribution of fame. The principles according to which honour ought to be conferred, are not only violated, but often inverted. Whoever wishes to be thought great among men, must do them some great mischief. The longer he continues in doing things of this sort, the more he will be admired. The features of Fortune are so like those of Genius as to be mistaken by almost all the world. We whose names and works are honourable to our country, and destined to survive her, are less esteemed than those who have accelerated her decay. Yet even here the sense of injury rises from and is accompanied by a sense of merit, the tone of which is deeper and predominant.

When we have spoken of life, death, and glory, we

have spoken of all important things, except friendship for eloquence and philosophy, and other inferior attainments, are either means conducive to life and glory, or antidotes against the bitterness of death. We cannot conquer fate and necessity, but we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could. I have observed your impatience you were about to appeal in favour of virtue but virtue is included in friendship, as I have mentioned in my *Lelius*, nor have I ever separated it from philosophy or from glory. On friendship, in the present condition of our affairs, I would say little. Could I begin my existence again, and, what is equally impossible, could I see before me all I have seen, I would choose few acquaintances, fewer friendships, no familiarities. This rubbish, for such it generally is, collecting at the base of an elevated mind, lessens its height and impairs its character. What requires to be sustained, if it is greater, falls, if it is smaller, is lost to view by the intervention of its supporters.

In literature great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemies. It is not by our adversaries that our early shoots of glory are nipt and broken off, or our later pestilentially blighted, it is by those who lie at our feet, and look up to us with a solicitous and fixt regard, until our shadow grows thicker and makes them colder. Then they begin to praise us as worthy men indeed and good citizens, but as rather vain, and what (to speak the truth) in others they should call presumptuous. They entertain no doubt of our merit, in literature, but justice forces them to declare, that several have risen

up lately who promise to surpass us. Should it be asked of them who these are, they look modest, and tell you softly and submissively, it would ill become them to repeat the eulogies of their acquaintance, and that no man pronounces his own name so distinctly as another's. I had something of oratory once about me, and was borne on high by the spirit of the better Greeks. Thus they thought of me, and they thought of me, Quintus, no more than thus: they had reached the straits, and saw before them the boundary, the impassable Atlantic of the intellectual world. But now I am a bad citizen, and a worse writer. I want the exercise and effusion of my own breath to warm me. I must be chafed by an adversary. I must be supported by a crowd. I require the forum, the rostra, the senate. In my individuality I am nothing.

QUINCTUS

I remember the time when, instead of smiling, you would have been offended and angry at such levity and impudence.

MARCUS

The misfortunes of our country cover ours. I am imperceptible to myself in the dark gulph that is absorbing her. Should I be angry? Anger, always irrational, is most so here. These men see those above them as they see the stars: one is almost as large as another, almost as bright, small distance between them: they cannot quite touch us with the forefinger, but they can almost—and what matters it! they can utter as many things against us, and as fiercely, as Polyphemus did against the heavens.

Since my dialogues are certainly the last things I shall compose, and since we, my brother, shall perhaps, for the little time that is remaining of our lives, be soon divided, we may talk about such matters both as among the wisest and as among the most interesting and the rather so if there is somewhat in them displaying the character of our country and the phasis of our times

Aquilius Cimber, who lives somewhere under the Alps, was patronized by Caius Caesar for his assiduities, and by Antonius for his admirable talent in telling a story and sitting up late. He bears on his shoulders the whole tablet of his nation, reconciling all its incongruities. Apparently very frank, but intrinsically very insincere, a warm friend while drinking, cold, vapid, limber, on the morrow, as the festal coronet he had worn the night before

QUINCTUS

Such a person, I can well suppose, may nevertheless have acquired the friendship of Antonius

MARCUS

His popularity in those parts rendered him also an object of attention to Octavius, who told me that he was prodigiously charmed with his stories of departed spirits, which Aquilius firmly believes are not altogether departed from his country. He hath several old books, relating to the history, true and fabulous, of the earlier Cimbri. Such is the impression they made upon him in his youth, he soon composed others on the same model, and better (I have heard) than the

originals His opinion is now much regarded in his province on matters of literature in general , although you would as soon think of sending for a smith to select an ostrich feather at the milliner's He neglects no means of money-getting, and has entered into an association for this purpose with the booksellers of the principal Transpadane cities On the first appearance of my dialogues, he, not having read them, nor having heard of their political tendency, praised them , moderately indeed and reservedly , but finding the people in power ready to persecute and oppress me, he sent his excuse to Antonius, that he was drunk when he did it , and to Octavius, that the fiercest of the Lemures held him by the throat until he had written what his heart revolted at and he ordered his friends and relatives to excuse him by one or other of those apologies, according to the temper and credulity of the person they addressed

QUINCTUS

I never heard this story of Aquilius no less amusing than the well-known one of him, that he went several miles out of his road, to visit the tomb of the Scipios, only to lift up his tunic against it in contempt he boasted of the feat and of the motive

MARCUS

Until the worthies of our times shone forth, he venerated no Roman since the exiled kings, in which his favourite is the son of the last and there are certain men in too high authority, who assure him they know how to appreciate and compensate so heroic and

sublime an affection The Catos and Brutuses are wretches with him, and particularly since Cato pardoned him, for having hired a fellow (as was 'proved) to turn some swine into his turnip-field at Tusculum Looking at him, or hearing of him, unless from those who know his real character, you would imagine him generous, self-dependent, self-devoted but this upright and staunch thistle bears a yielding and palpable down for adulation

QUINCTUS

Better *that* than malice Whatever he may think or say of you, I hope he never speaks maliciously of those whose livelihood, like his own, depends upon their writings, the studious, the enthusiastic, the unhardened in politics, the uncrossed in literature

MARCUS

I wish I could confirm or encourage you in your hopes report, as it reaches me, by no means favours them

QUINCTUS

This hurts me, for Aquilius, altho' the Graces in none of their attributions are benignant to him, is a man of industry and genius

MARCUS.

Alas, Quinctus ! to pass Aquilius by, as not concerned in the reflexion, the noblest elevations of the human mind have in appertenance their sands and swamps, hardness at top, putridity at bottom Friends themselves, and not only the little ones you

have spoken of, not only the thoughtless and injudicious, but graver and more constant, will occasionally gratify a superficial feeling, which soon grows deeper, by irritating an orator or writer

QUINCTUS

You remember the apologue of Critobulus

MARCUS

No, I do not

QUINCTUS

It was sent to me by Pomponius Atticus, soon after my marriage I must surely have shewn it to you

MARCUS

Not you indeed, and I should wonder that so valuable a present, so rare an accession to Rome as any new Greek volume, could have come into your hands, and not out of them to mine, if you had not mentioned that it was about the time of your nuptials, a season which shakes many good things out of the head, and leaves many bad ones in it Let me hear the story

QUINCTUS

I was wandering, says Critobulus, in the midst of a forest, and came suddenly to a small round fountain, or pool, with several white flowers (I remember) and broad leaves in the centre of it, but clear of them at the sides, and of a water the most pellucid Suddenly a very beautiful figure came from behind me, and stood between me and the fountain I was amazed I could not distinguish the sex, the form being youthful

and the face toward the water, on which it was gazing and bending over its reflexion, like another Hylas or Narcissus. It then stooped and adorned itself with a few of the simplest flowers, and seemed the fonder and tenderer of those which had borne the impression of its graceful feet. and having done so, it turned round and looked upon me with an air of indifference and unconcern. The longer I fixed my eyes on her, for I now perceived it was a female, the more ardent I became and the more embarrassed. She perceived it, and smiled. I would have taken her hand. "You shall presently," said she, and never fell on a mortal a diviner glance than on me from her. I told her so. "You speak well," said she. I then fancied that she was simple and weak and fond of flattery, and began to flatter her. She turned her face away from me, and answered nothing. I declared my excessive love. she went some paces off. I swore that it was impossible for one who had ever seen her to live without her. she went several paces further. "By the immortal gods!" I cried, "you shall not leave me." She turned round and looked benignly, but shook her head. "You are another's then! say it! say it plainly from your lips. and let me die." She smiled, more melancholy than before, and replied, "O Critobulus! I am indeed another's, I am a God's." The air of the interior heavens seemed to pierce me as she uttered it, and I trembled as impassioned men may tremble once. After a pause, "I might have thought it!" cried I. "why then come before me and torment me?" She began to play and trifle with me, as became her age (I thought) rather than her

engagement, and she placed my hand upon the flowers in her lap without a blush. The whole fountain would not at that moment have assuaged my thirst. The sounds of the breezes and of the birds around us, even the sounds of her own voice, were all confounded in my ear, as colours are in the fulness and intensity of light. She said many pleasing things to me, to the earlier and greater part of which I was insensible, but in the midst of those which I could hear, and was listening to attentively, she began to pluck out the grey hairs from my head, and to tell me that the others too were of a colour not very agreeable. My heart sank within me. Presently there was hardly a limb or feature without its imperfection. "O!" cried I in despair, "you have been used to the Gods; you must think so; but among men I do not believe I am considered as ill-made or ugly." She paid little attention to my words or my vexation, and when she had gone on with my defects for some time longer, in the same calm tone and with the same sweet countenance, she began to declare that she had much affection for me, and was desirous of inspiring it in return. I was about to answer her with raptures, when on a sudden, in her girlish humour, she stuck a thorn, with which she had been playing, into that part of the body which supports the rest when we are sitting. I knew not whether it went deeper than she intended, but catching at it, I leaped up in shame and anger, and at this same moment felt something rough upon my shoulder. It was an armlet, inscribed with letters of bossy adamant, *Jove to his daughter Truth*

She stood again before me at some distance, and said gracefully, " Critobulus, I am too young and simple for you , but you will love me still, and not be made unhappy by it in the end Farewell "

MILTON

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, son of a London merchant who took an active interest in the abolition of the Slave Trade, was born in 1800, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He was early in life attracted by Milton, and knew whole books of *Paradise Lost* by heart. In 1825 he published his Essay on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*. The effect was electric. "Where did you pick up that style?" asked Lord Jeffrey. Like Byron, Macaulay woke up to find himself famous. This was the beginning of his well-known essays, which stretched over a long series of years. Macaulay also planned a great History of England, from James II to his own days, but he only reached the end of the reign of William III at his death in 1859. In Milton, Macaulay found a congenial subject. Milton devoted his life to the service of liberty. He fought as strenuously against the tyranny of the Puritans in his famous *Areopagitica* as he had done against the tyranny of the Stuarts. When the Civil War broke out, he hastened home, because he deemed it dishonourable to be enjoying himself in foreign lands, while his countrymen were 'striking a blow for Freedom'. He sacrificed his eyesight for the greatest of all causes, and though he never actually 'struck a blow' for freedom, he certainly gave an imperishable example of the heroism of those 'who only stand and wait.' Macaulay's masterly picture of the two great

contending factions, and of the heroic central figure, is worthy of its subject

THE Puritans were men, whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favour, and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had

charge over them Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away Events which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker but he set his foot on the neck of his king L. h..

devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue

unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part or lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans We perceive the absurdity of their manners We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits We acknowledge that the tone of their mind was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach and we know that, in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity, that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to

themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, gamblers, and bravoës, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of White-friars to the standards of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our Royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction, dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in

their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa, and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a freethinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the conventicle and

from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

“ As ever in his great task-master's eye ”

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest sceptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associates were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination, but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Sirens, yet he glided

by without being seduced to their fatal shore He tasted the cup of Circe , but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the *Penseroso*, which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning This is an inconsistency which, more than anything else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind It is the very struggle of the noble Othello His heart relents but his hand is firm He does nought in hate, but all in honour He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendour, still remains to be mentioned If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against ship-money and the Star Chamber But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of

moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the King and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem, who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

“ Oh, ye mistook ! Ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast Without the rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless ”

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians, for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle, but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to

break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf. With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system, in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses than against those deeply seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapours, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or uttered

as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility.

“ Nitor in adversum , nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi ”

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the *Areopagitica* and the nervous rhetoric of the *Iconoclast*, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the *Treatise of Reformation*, and the *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

• We must conclude And yet we can scarcely tear

ourselves away from the subject The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart, and consecrated to his memory And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer We are transported a hundred and fifty years back We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging, that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings, that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day, that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word, the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it, the earnestness with which we should endeavour to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues, the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips

These are perhaps foolish feelings Yet we cannot be ashamed of them, nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead And we think 'not

there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize, and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

SHAKSPEARE

“ THE HERO AS POET ”

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881), the prophet and preacher of Victorian England, was the son of a Scotch stonemason, and had to walk the ninety intervening miles to Edinburgh in order to finish his education. In 1821 occurred his “ conversion,” the termination of his spiritual difficulties and doubts, and he embarked upon the long struggle to make himself felt as a living force in English literature. After his marriage in 1825, he settled at Craigenputtock, and in 1833 he gave to the world his great spiritual autobiography, *Sartor Resartus*. In 1830 he came to 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and produced *The French Revolution* seven years later. In 1840 he gave a series of lectures which afterwards appeared under the title of *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, and three years later he wrote *Past and Present*, the most popular of his socio-political writings. His *Speeches and Letters of Oliver Cromwell* appeared in 1845, and his monumental *Frederick the Great* in 1858. Long ere this, Carlyle had become the greatest living force in English letters, vastly more respected than even Johnson or Coleridge had been in their day. The tragic death of his wife in 1866 was a shattering blow, and after this he wrote little more, though he lingered on, “ a sad old man gazing into the final chasm of things in mute dialogue with Death, Judgement and Eternity,” for

fifteen long and weary years In *Heroes*, Carlyle elaborates his favourite theory for the remedy of the social and political maladies of our age The world is no "dead mechanical steam-engine," but a living, pulsating Reality True government is not a matter of ballot-boxes and paper constitutions We must learn to recognize and honour our Heroes, and let them guide us to the fulfilment of our destiny as a nation Hero-worship is to Carlyle much more than a political system it is a Religion "The History of the World is the Biography of Great Men" Such a typical Hero is the poet Shakspeare, the embodiment of the new realm of thought ushered in by the Renaissance, and Carlyle writes with sympathetic insight and almost lyric tenderness of our great national dramatist

As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe, its Inner Life, so Shakspeare, we may say, embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece, so in Shakspeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in Faith and in Practice, will still be legible Dante has given us the Faith or soul, Shakspeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice or body This latter, also we were to have, a man was sent for it, the man Shakspeare Just when that chivalry way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, our other sovereign Poet, with his seeing eye, with his

perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men. Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world, Shakespeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice, we English had the honour of producing the other.

Curious enough how, as it were by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always, so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficing is this Shakspeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had perhaps never heard of him as a Poet! The woods and skies, the rustic Life of Man in Stratford there, had been enough for this man! But indeed that strange outbudding of our whole English Existence, which we call the Elizabethan Era, did not it too come as of its own accord? The 'Tree Igdrasil' buds and withers by its own laws,—too deep for our scanning. Yet it does bud and wither, and every bough and leaf of it is there, by fixed eternal laws, not a Sir Thomas Lucy but comes at the hour fit for him. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered how everything does cooperate with all, not a leaf rotting on the highway but is indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems, no thought, word or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognisably or irrecongnisably, on all men! It is all a Tree—circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole. The Tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the Kingdom of the Dead.

Hela and Death, and whose boughs overspread the highest Heaven !—

In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan Era with its Shakspeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's Song, had produced this Practical Life which Shakspeare was to sing. For Religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice, the primary vital fact in men's life. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle-Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakspeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth, taking small thought of Acts of Parliament. King-Henrys, Queen-Elizabeths go their way, and Nature too goes hers. Acts of Parliament, on the whole, are small, notwithstanding the noise they make. What Act of Parliament, debate at St. Stephen's, on the hustings or elsewhere, was it that brought this Shakspeare into being? No dining at Freemason's Tavern, opening subscription-lists, selling of shares, and infinite other jangling and true or false endeavouring! This Elizabethan Era, and all its nobleness and blessedness, came without proclamation, preparation of ours. Priceless Shakspeare was the free gift of Nature, given altogether silently,—received altogether silently, as if it had been a thing of little account. And yet very literally, it is a priceless thing. One should look at that side of matters too.

Of this Shakspeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one, I think the best judgment not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion, That Shakspeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto, the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth, placid joyous strength, all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been said, that in the constructing of Shakspeare's Dramas there is, apart from all other 'faculties' as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*. That is true, and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakspeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit,—everyway as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things,—we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakspeare in this he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice, it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter, it is a calmly *seeing*

eye, a great intellect, in short How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it,—is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man Which circumstance is vital and shall stand prominent, which unessential, fit to be suppressed, where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this, you task the whole force of insight that is in the man He must *understand* the thing, according to the depth of his understanding, will the fitness of his answer be You will try him so Does like join itself to like, does the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, Let there be light, and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself, will he accomplish this

Or indeed we may say again, it is in what I called Portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakspeare is great All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakspeare The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it Creative, we said poetic creation, what is this too but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing And is not Shakspeare's *morality*, his valour, candour, tolerance, truthfulness, his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph

over such obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No *twisted*, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities, a perfectly *level* mirror,—that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes-in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus, sets them all forth to us in their round completeness, loving, just, the equal brother of all *Novum Organum*, and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of a quite secondary order, earthly, material, poor in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakspeare, reminds me of it. Of him too you say that he *saw* the object, you may say what he himself says of Shakspeare. 'His characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal, they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible.'

The seeing eye! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things, what Nature meant, what musical idea Nature has wrapped-up in these often rough embodiments. Something she did mean. To the seeing eye that something were discernible. Are they base, miserable things? You can laugh over them, you can weep over them, you can in some way or other genially relate yourself to them,—you can, at lowest, hold your peace about them, turn away your own and others' face from them, till the hour come for practically exterminating and extinguishing

them. At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if he have a Poet in word, or failing that, perhaps still better, a Poet in act. Whether he write at all, and if so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents—who knows on what extremely trivial accidents,—perhaps on his having had a singing-master, on his being taught to sing in his boyhood! But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things, and the harmony that dwells there (for whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or it would not hold together and exist), is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself, the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever. To the Poet, as to every other, we say first of all, *See*. If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and *name* yourself a Poet, there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope. The crabbed old Schoolmaster used to ask, when they brought him a new pupil, "But are ye sure he's *not a dunce*?" Why, really one might ask the same thing, in regard to every man proposed for whatsoever function, and consider it as the one inquiry needful. Are ye sure he's not a dunce? There is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person.

For, in fact, I say the degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man. If called to define Shakspeare's faculty, I should say superiority of Intellect, and think I had included all under that. What indeed are faculties? We talk of faculties as if

they were distinct, things separable, as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, etc., as he has hands, feet and arms. That is a capital error. Then again, we hear of a man's 'intellectual nature,' and of his 'moral nature,' as if these again were divisible, and existed apart. Necessities of language do perhaps prescribe such forms of utterance, we must speak, I am aware, in that way, if we are to speak at all. But words ought not to harden into things for us. It seems to me, our apprehension of this matter is, for most part, radically falsified thereby. We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names*, that man's spiritual nature, the vital Force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible, that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with each other, physiognomically related, that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. Morality itself, what we call the moral quality of a man, what is this but another *side* of the one vital Force whereby he is and works? All that a man does is physiognomical of him. You may see how a man would fight, by the way in which he sings, his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is *one*, and preaches the same Self abroad in all these ways.

Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk but, consider it—without morality, intellect were impossible for him, a thoroughly immoral *man* could not know anything at all. To

know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise with it, that is, be *virtuously* related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know? His virtues, all of them, will lie recorded in his knowledge. Nature, with her truth, remains to the bad, to the selfish and the pusillanimous forever a sealed book. what such can know of Nature is mean, superficial, small, for the uses of the day merely.—But does not the very Fox know something of Nature? Exactly so it knows where the geese lodge! The human Reynard, very frequent everywhere in the world, what more does he know but this and the like of this? Nay, it should be considered too, that if the Fox had not a certain vulpine *morality*, he could not even know where the geese were, or get at the geese! If he spent his time in splenetic atrabiliar reflections on his own misery, his ill usage by Nature, Fortune and other Foxes and so forth, and had not courage, promptitude, practicality, and other suitable vulpine gifts and graces, he would catch no geese. We may say of the Fox too, that his morality and insight are of the same dimensions, different faces of the same internal unity of vulpine life!—These things are worth stating, for the contrary of them acts with manifold very baleful perversion, in this time. what limitations, modifications they require, your own candour will supply.

If I say, therefore, that Shakspeare is the greatest of *Intellects*, I have said all concerning him. But

there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect, there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, that those Dramas of his are Products of Nature too, deep as Nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakspeare's Art is not Artifice, the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows up from the deeps of Nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of Nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being, 'new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe, concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man.' This well deserves meditating. It is Nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he get thus to be *a part of herself*. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal *unconsciously*, from the unknown deeps in him,—as the oak-tree grows from the Earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves, with a symmetry grounded on Nature's own laws, conformable to all Truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid, his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself, much that was not known at all, not speakable at all like *roots*, like sap and forces working underground! Speech is great, but Silence is greater.

Withal the joyful tranquillity of this man is notable. I will not blame Dante for his misery. It is as

battle without victory, but true battle,—the first, indispensable thing Yet I call Shakspeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly and did conquer Doubt it not, he had his own sorrows those *Sonnets* of his will even testify expressly in what deep waters he had waded, and swum struggling for his life,—as what man like him ever failed to have to do? It seems to me a heedless notion, our common one, that he sat like a bird on the bough, and sang forth, free and offhand, never knowing the troubles of other men Not so, with no man is it so How could a man travel forward from rustic deer-poaching to such tragedy-writing, and not fall in with sorrows by the way? Or, still better, how could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered?—And now, in contrast with all this, observe his mirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter! You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter Fiery oburgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakspeare, yet he is always in measure here, never what Johnson would remark as a specially ‘good hater’ But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods, he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt he is bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play, you would say, with his whole heart laughs And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty, never No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things It is some poor character only *desiring* to

laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy, good laughter is not "the crackling of thorns under the pot." Even at stupidity and pretension thus Shakspeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts, and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter, but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing, and hope they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

We have no room to speak of Shakspeare's individual works, though perhaps there is much still waiting to be said on that head. Had we, for instance, all his plays reviewed as *Hamlet*, in *Wilhelm Meister*, is! A thing which might, one day, be done. August Wilhelm Schlegel has a remark on his Historical Plays, *Henry Fifth* and the others, which is worth remembering. He calls them a kind of National Epic. Marlborough, you recollect, said, he knew no English History but what he had learned from Shakspeare. There are really, if we look to it, few as memorable Histories. The great salient points are admirably seized, all rounds itself off, into a kind of rhythmic coherence, it is, as Schlegel says, *epic*,—as indeed all delineation by a great thinker will be. There are right beautiful things in those Pieces, which indeed together form one beautiful thing. That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things, in its sort, we anywhere have of Shakspeare's. The description of the two hosts, the wornout, jaded

English , the dread hour, big with destiny, when the battle shall begin , and then that deathless \valour
“ Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England ! ” There is a noble Patriotism in it,—far other than the ‘ indifference ’ you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakspeare A true English heart breathes, calm and strong, through the whole business , not boisterous, protrusive , all the better for that There is a sound in it like the ring of steel This man too had a right stroke in him, had it come to that !

But I will say, of Shakspeare’s works generally, that we have no full impress of him there , even as full as we have of many men His works are so many windows, through which we see a glimpse of the world that was in him All his works seem, comparatively speaking, cursory, imperfect, written under cramping circumstances , giving only here and there a note of the full utterance of the man Passages there are that come upon you like splendour out of Heaven , bursts of radiance, illuminating the very heart of the thing you say, “ That is *true*, spoken once and forever , wheresoever and whensoever there is an open human soul, that will be recognised as true ! ” Such bursts, however, make us feel that the surrounding matter is not radiant , that it is, in part, temporary, conventional Alas, Shakspeare had to write for the Globe Playhouse his great soul had to crush itself as it could, into that and no other mould It was with him, then, as it is with us all No man works save under conditions The sculptor cannot set his own free Thought before us , but his Thought as he

could translate it into the stone that was given, with the tools that were given *Dissecta membra* are all that we find of any Poet, or of any man

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakspeare may recognise that he too was a *Prophet*, in his way, of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine, *unspeakable*, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven. 'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!' That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang, did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakspeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness or perversion. a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousandfold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature, which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offence, that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakspeare too, not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony!—I cannot call this Shakspeare a 'Sceptic,' as some do, his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism, nor sceptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such 'indifference' was the fruit of his

greatness withal his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such), these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakspeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth Is he not an eye to us all, a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of Light?—And, at bottom, was it not perhaps far better that this Shakspeare, everyway an unconscious man, was *conscious* of no Heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal Splendours, that he specially was the ‘Prophet of God’ and was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater, and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante’s case, more successful It was intrinsically an error that notion of Mahomet’s, of his supreme Prophethood, and has come down to us inextricably involved in error to this day dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true Speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity and simulacrum, no Speaker, but a Babbler! Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakspeare, this Dante may still be young, —while this Shakspeare may still pretend to be a Priest of Mankind, of Arabia as of other places, for unlimited periods to come!

Compared with any speaker or singer one knows, even with Æschylus or Homer, why should he not, for veracity and universality, last like them? He is *sincere* as they, reaches deep down like them, to the universal and perennial. But as for Mahomet, I think it had been better for him *not* to be so conscious! Alas, poor Mahomet, all that he was *conscious* of was a mere error, a futility and triviality,—as indeed such ever is. The truly great in him too was the unconscious—that he was a wild Arab lion of the desert, and did speak-out with that great thunder-voice of his, not by words which he *thought* to be great, but by actions, by feelings, by a history which *were* great! His Koran has become a stupid piece of prolix absurdity, we do not believe, like him, that God wrote that! The Great Man here too, as always, is a Force of Nature—whatsoever is truly great in him springs up from the *inarticulate* deeps

Well—this is our poor Warwickshire Peasant, who rose to be Manager of a Playhouse, so that he could live without begging, whom the Earl of Southampton cast some kind glances on, whom Sir Thomas Lucy, many thanks to him, was for sending to the Treadmill! We did not account him a god, like Odin, while he dwelt with us,—on which point there were much to be said. But I will say rather, or repeat. In spite of the sad state Hero-worship now lies in, consider what this Shakspeare has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we

nct give up rather than the Stratford Peasant ? There is no regiment of highest Dignitaries that we would sell him for He is the grandest thing we have yet done For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him ? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give-up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English , never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare ? Really it were a grave question Official persons would answer doubtless in official language , but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire , we cannot do without Shakspeare ! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day , but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us , we cannot give up our Shakspeare !

Nay, apart from spiritualities , and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall-out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another ? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish what is it that will accomplish this ? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot America is parted

from us, so far as Parliament could part it Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone ! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs, *indestructible*, really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever ? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another " Yes, this Shakspeare is ours, we produced him, we speak and think by him, we are of one blood and kind with him " The most common-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that

Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a Nation that it get an articulate voice, that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means ! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all, yet the noble Italy is actually *one* Italy produced its Dante, Italy can speak ! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons, and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of Earth politically together, but he cannot yet speak Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times He must learn to speak He is a great dumb

monster hitherto His cannons and Cossacks will all
have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice
is still audible The Nation that has a Dante is bound
together as no dumb Ryssia can be —We must here
end what we had to say of the *Hero-Poet*

LA GIOCONDA

WALTER PATER (1839-1894) was an Oxford don, who made his name as an art critic. In 1873 he published his volume of essays on the Renaissance, which contained his famous appreciation of Leonardo da Vinci. Other works were *Marius the Epicurean*, a story of Roman life in the first century after Christ, but really a spiritual autobiography, *Imaginary Portraits*, 1887, *Appreciations*, 1889, and *Miscellaneous Studies*, 1895. The frank paganism of Pater's views shocked Victorian England, though Pater was not, of course, responsible for the wilder extravagances of the Aesthetic School. In Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1515) the great Florentine painter—"the Faust of the Italian Renaissance"—with his strange and versatile genius, Pater found a congenial subject. In 1505 Leonardo sat down to paint the portrait of Monna Lisa, wife of Zanobi del Giocondo. He took four years to produce this masterpiece, which ranks, with the Sistine Madonna and the Last Judgment, among the greatest paintings in the world. Monna Lisa's haunting, enigmatic smile has fascinated the world ever since, and reminds the student of the legend that Leonardo caused music to be played that the sitter might not lose her rapt expression. Walter Pater's description of this great work of art is written in the ornate manner which is one of his leading characteristics, and is a striking example of English prose of the elaborate type.

THE remaining years of Leonardo's life are more or less years of wandering. From his brilliant life

at court he had saved nothing, and he returned to Florence a poor man. Perhaps necessity kept his spirit excited—the next four years are one prolonged rapture or ecstasy of invention. He painted now the pictures of the Louvre, his most authentic works, which came there straight from the cabinet of Francis the First, at Fontainebleau. One picture of his, the *Saint Anne*—not the *Saint Anne* of the Louvre, but a simple cartoon, now in London—revived for a moment a sort of appreciation more common in an earlier time, when good pictures had still seemed miraculous. For two days a crowd of people of all qualities passed in naive excitement through the chamber where it hung, and gave Leonardo a taste of the “triumph” of Cimabue. But his work was less with the saints than with the living women of Florence. For he lived still in the polished society that he loved, and in the houses of Florence, left perhaps a little subject to light thoughts by the death of Savonarola—the latest gossip (1869) is of an undraped Monna Lisa, found in some out-of-the-way corner of the late *Orleans* collection—he saw Ginevra di Benci, and Lisa, the young third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. As we have seen him using incidents of sacred story, not for their own sake, or as mere subjects for pictorial realisation, but as a cryptic language for fancies all his own, so now he found a vent for his thought in taking one of these languid women, and raising her, as Leda or Pomona, as Modesty or Vanity, to the seventh heaven of symbolical expression.

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's

masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Durer is comparable to it, and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.¹ As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays all over Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams, and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had the dream and the person grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's brain, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is

¹ Yet for Vasari there was some further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks, lost for us

much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits, like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave, and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her, and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of

Mary , and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one , and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea

ST MARK'S, VENICE

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) supplied the antidote to the hedonism of the Aesthetic School of Rossetti, Swinburne, Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde. Ruskin, the greatest Art critic of the century, will have none of the motto 'Art for art's sake' to him, Art and Morality are inseparable. In 1843 he began to publish his work on *Modern Painters* which went on for many years, and the chief object of which was the vindication of Turner, the great water-colour painter. He then turned his attention to Italy. In 1848 appeared the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*—these 'lamps' were Sacrifice, Love, Truth, Power, Beauty, Memory and Obedience—and three years later came his volumes on *The Stones of Venice*. Ruskin hoped, by interesting men in these masterpieces of the Age of Faith, to induce them to abandon the materialism and irreligion of the present day, and return to the spirit of those who produced these silent but living witnesses of the truth. The chapter in *The Stones of Venice* on the Nature of Gothic has been compared with Carlyle's chapter in *Sartor Resartus* as one of the most momentous professions of faith, and calls to the Higher Life, in all Literature. In 1860, Ruskin directed a series of attacks, in *Unto this Last*, *Munera Pulveris*, *The Crown of Wild Olive*, and *Sesame and Lilies*, upon the current theories of Political Economy, which he believed to be at the root of most of the social and other evils of the day. These were very badly received, and in two instances, the magazines which started pub-

lishing them had to withdraw them. In 1869, Ruskin was made Slade Professor of Art at Oxford. The chief publication of his later years was a rambling but delightful miscellany, *Fors Clavigera*. His description of the cathedral of St Mark's at Venice is his acknowledged masterpiece, the contrast between the sleepy English cathedral town and semi-oriental Venice, with its barbaric lights and shades, sounds and smells, being extraordinarily effective. St Mark's, consecrated in 1085 to hold the relics of the patron saint of Venice, is comparable to no other building in the world, save perhaps some of the palaces of Agra and Delhi, for richness of decoration. Above, the domes and vaults are an entire mass of gold mosaic; below, every inch of wall and pillar is coated with coloured marble, porphyry and alabaster. The outside is as gorgeous as the inside, and in front over the gallery stand the superb bronze horses, brought from Constantinople in 1204. In order to understand the passage, we must remember that when Ruskin wrote, Venice was still under the heel of the hated Austrian, whose yoke she did not throw off until 1866, when Italy was at last united under the sceptre of the House of Savoy.

AND now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where

there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side, and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven, and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold, and so, higher still, to the bleak

towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock, and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to

make our way Over-head an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door, the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscotted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print, the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves, but the pewter next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the

studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittolo e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vini Nostrani a Soldi 28 32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps, and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side, and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all, for between those pillars there

opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones, and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away, — a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light, a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes, and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long

ago And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand, their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross, and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth, and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them, for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and

mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years

And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardless. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters, nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals, in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,—a crowd, which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards, and unregarded children,—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised pence upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks towards the sea, and passing round within the two massive pillars brought from St Jean d'Acre, we shall find the gate of the Baptistery; let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us instantly, and the light, and the turbulence of the Piazzetta, are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room, vaulted, not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold, and chequered with gloomy figures. In the centre is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs, a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls from a window high in the wall, and the first thing that it strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed, for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained, so that it might seem, but that it is some height above the pavement, to have been drawn towards the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early,—Only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead for ever, and dies away upon his breast.

The face is of a man in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower. The height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, perhaps the sharpness of death being

added to that of the natural lines , but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars , beneath, in the centre of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around, is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep, as if in a field in summer

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo, a man early great among the great of Venice , and early lost She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year , he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes

Look round at the room in which he lies The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble, and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered, and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents, but all beautiful , the ravaging fissures fretting their way among the islands and channelled zones of the alabaster, and the time-stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the colour of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea The light fades away into the recess of the chamber towards the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles, one surrounded by the “Principalities and powers in heavenly places,” of

which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line

“Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,”

and around the other, the Apostles, Christ the centre of both and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death, and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks, the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore “Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire” Yes, verily to be baptized with fire, or to be cast therein, it is the choice set before all men The march-notes still murmur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment, which the old Greek has written on that Baptistery wall Venice has made her choice

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened to him, but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced, and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars Round the domes of its roof the light enters

only through narrow apertures like large stars, and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels, the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames, and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream, forms beautiful and terrible mixed together, dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal, the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption, for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone, sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet, but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman

standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the centre of the temple, and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshippers scattered through the darker places of the church, evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and, for the most part, profoundly sorrowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering eyes and unengaged gestures, but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St Mark's, and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church, as if comforted.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

PROFESSOR E A FREEMAN, 1823-1892, who succeeded Bishop Stubbs as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1884, will be chiefly remembered for his monumental *History of the Norman Conquest*, the six massive volumes of which appeared between 1867 and 1879. His graphic description of the Battle of Hastings, and of the fall of the flower of Saxon chivalry round their lord on the stricken field of Senlac, has an almost epic grandeur, and for dignity and pathos can scarcely be equalled. The extract given below describes the final phase of the great struggle.

A NEW act in the awful drama of that day had now begun. The Duke himself, at the head of his own Normans, again pressed towards the Standard. Now came what was perhaps the fiercest exchange of hand-strokes in the whole battle. As in the old Roman legend, the main stress of the fight fell on three valiant brethren on either side. William, Odo, and Robert pressed on to the attack, while Harold, Gyrth, and Leofwine stood ready to defend. The Duke himself, his relics round his neck, spurred on right in the teeth of the English King. A few moments more, and the mighty rivals might have met face to face, and the war-club of the Bastard might have clashed against the lifted axe of the Emperor of Britain. That

Harold shrank from such an encounter we may not deem for a moment. But a heart, if it might be, even loftier than his own beat high to save him from such a risk. In the same heroic spirit in which he had already offered to lead the host on what seemed a desperate enterprise, the Earl of the East-Angles pressed forward to give, if need be, his own life for his King and brother. Before William could come to handstrokes with Harold, perhaps before he could even reach the barricade, a spear, hurled by the hand of Gyrth, checked his progress. The weapon so far missed its aim that the Duke was himself unhurt. But his noble Spanish horse, the first of three that died under him that day, fell to the ground. But Duke William could fight on foot as well as on horseback. Indeed on foot he had a certain advantage. He could press closer to the barricade, and could deal a nearer and surer blow. And a near and sure blow he did deal. William rose to his feet, he pressed straight to seek the man who had so nearly slain him. Duke and Earl met face to face, and the English hero fell crushed beneath the stroke of the Duke's mace. The day might seem to be turning against England, when a son of Godwine had fallen, nor did the blow come singly. Gyrth had fallen by a fate worthy of such a spirit, a fate than which none could be more glorious, he had died in the noblest of causes and by the hand of the mightiest of enemies. Nor did he fall alone, close at his side, and almost at the same moment, Leofwine, fighting sword in hand, was smitten to the earth by an unnamed assailant, perhaps by the mace of the Bishop of Bayeux or by the lance of the Count

of Mortain. A dark cloud indeed seemed to have gathered over the destinies of the great West-Saxon house. Of the valiant band of sons who had stood round Godwine on the great day of his return, Harold now stood alone. By a fate of special bitterness, he had seen with his own eyes the fall of those nearest and dearest to him. The deed of Metaurus had been, as it were, wrought beneath the eyes of Hannibal, Achilles had looked on and seen the doom of his Patroklos and his Antilochos. The fate of England now rested on the single heart and the single arm of her King.

But the fortune of the day was still far from being determined. The two Earls had fallen, but the fight at the barricades went on as fiercely as before. The men of the Earldoms of the two fallen chiefs shrank not because of the loss of their captains. The warriors of Kent and Essex fought manfully to avenge their leader. As for the Duke, we left him on foot, an enemy as dangerous on foot as when mounted on his destrier. But Norman and horse could not long be severed. William called to a knight of Maine to give up his charger to his sovereign. Was it cowardice, was it disloyalty to the usurper of the rights of the old Cenomannian house, which made the knight of Maine refuse to dismount at William's bidding? But a blow from the Duke's hand brought the disobedient rider to the ground, and William, again mounted, was soon again dealing wounds and death among the defenders of England. But the deed and the fate of Gyrth were soon repeated. The spear of another Englishman brought William's second horse to the

ground, and he too, like the East-Anglian Earl, paid the penalty of his exploit by death at the Duke's own hand. Count Eustace had by this time better learned how to win the favour of his great ally. His horse was freely offered to the Duke, a knight of his own following did him the same good service, and Duke and Count pressed fiercely against the English lines. The struggle was hard, but the advantage still remained with the English. The second attack had indeed to some extent prevailed. Not only had the English suffered a personal loss than which one loss only could have been greater, but the barricade was now in some places broken down. The French on the right had been specially active and successful in this work. And specially distinguished among them was a party under the command of a youthful Norman warrior who was afterwards to fill a great place in both English and Norman history, Robert, the son of the old Roger of Beaumont. They had perhaps met with a less vigorous resistance, while the main hopes and fears of every Englishman must have gathered round the great personal struggle which was going on beneath the Standard. Still those who were most successful had as yet triumphed only over timber, and not over men. The shield-wall still stood behind the palisade, and every Frenchman who had pressed within the English enclosure had paid for his daring with his life. The English lines were as unyielding as ever, and though the second attack had not been so utterly unsuccessful as the first, it was still plain that to scale the hill by any direct attack of the Norman horsemen was a hopeless undertaking.

But the generalship of William, his ready eye, his quick thought, his dauntless courage, never failed him. In the Norman character the fox and the lion were mingled in nearly equal shares, strength and daring had failed, but the prize might perhaps still be gained by craft. William had marked with pleasure that the late flight of his troops had beguiled a portion of the English to forsake their firm array and their strong position. He had marked with equal pleasure that some impression had at last been made on the English defences. If by any means any large part of the English army could be drawn down from the heights, an entrance might be made at the points where the barricade was already weakened. He therefore ventured on a daring stratagem. If his army, or a portion of it, pretended flight, the English would be tempted to pursue, the pretended fugitives would turn upon their pursuers, and meanwhile another division might reach the summit through the gap which would thus be left open. He gave his orders accordingly, and they were faithfully and skilfully obeyed.

A portion of the army, most likely the left wing which had so lately fled in earnest, now again turned in seeming flight. Undismayed by the fate of their comrades who had before broken their lines, the English on the right wing, mainly, as we have seen, the irregular levies, rushed down and pursued them with shouts of delight. But the men of Brittany, Poitou, and Maine had now better learned their lesson. They turned on the pursuing English, the parts of the combatants were at once reversed, and the

pursuers now themselves fled in earnest. Yet, undisciplined and foolhardy as their conduct had been, they must have had some wary leaders among them, for they found the means to take a special revenge for the fraud which had been played off upon them. The importance of the small outlying hill now came into full play. Either its defenders had never left it, or a party of the fugitives contrived to rally and occupy it. At all events it was held and gallantly defended by a body of light-armed English. With a shower of darts and stones they overwhelmed a body of French who attacked them, not a man of the party was left. Another party of English, men without doubt from the levies of the neighbourhood, had the skill to use their knowledge of the country to the best advantage. They made their way to the difficult ground to the west of the hill, to the steep and thickly wooded banks of the small ravine. Here the light-armed English turned and made a stand, the French horsemen, recklessly following, came tumbling head over heels into the chasm, where they were slaughtered in such numbers that the ground is said to have been made level by their corpses.

The men who had committed the great error of pursuing the seeming fugitives had thus, as far as they themselves were concerned, retrieved their error skilfully and manfully. But the error was none the less fatal to England. The Duke's great object was now gained, the main end of Harold's skilful tactics had been lost by the heedless ardour of the least valuable part of his troops. Through the rash descent of the light-armed on the right, the whole English army lost

its vantage-ground The pursuing English had left the most easily accessible portion of the hill open to the approach of the enemy While French and English were scattered over the lower ground, fighting in no certain order and with varied success, the main body of the Normans made their way on to the height, no doubt by the gentle slope at the point west of the present buildings The great advantage of the ground was now lost, the Normans were at last on the hill Instead of having to cut their way up to the slope and through the palisades, they could now charge to the east, right against the defenders of the Standard Still the battle was far from being over The site had still some advantages for the English The hill, narrow and in some places with steep sides, was by no means suited for the movements of cavalry, and, though the English palisade was gone, the English shield-wall was still a formidable hindrance in the way of the assailants In short the position which the keen eye of Harold had chosen stood him in good stead to the last Our Norman informants still speak with admiration of the firm stand made by the English It was still the hardest of tasks to pierce through their bristling lines It was a strange warfare, where the one side dealt in assaults and movements, while the other, as if fixed in the ground, withstood them The array of the English was so close that they moved only when they were dead, they stirred not at all while they were alive The slightly wounded could not escape, but were crushed to death by the thick ranks of their comrades That is to say, the array of the shield-wall was still kept, though now

without the help of the barricades or the full advantage of the ground. The day had now turned decidedly in favour of the invaders, but the fight was still far from being over. It was by no means clear that some new chance of warfare might not again turn the balance in favour of England.

It is hard to tell the exact point of time at which the Normans gained this great advantage. But it was probably about three in the afternoon, the hour of vespers. If so, the fight had already been raging for six hours, and as yet its result was far from certain. But the last stage of the battle was now drawing near. The English, though no longer entrenched, had still the fortress of shields to trust to, but gradually the line became less firmly kept, and the battle seems almost to have changed into a series of single combats. It is probably at this stage that we should place most of the many personal exploits which are told of various warriors on both sides. The names of the Normans are preserved, while the English, though full justice is done to their valour, remain nameless. Of Harold himself, strange to say, we hear nothing personally beyond the highest general praises of his courage and conduct. His axe was the weightiest, his blows were the most terrible of all. The horse and his rider gave way before him, cloven to the ground by a single stroke. He played the part alike of a general and of a private soldier. This is a praise which must have been common to every commander of those times, still it is given in a marked way both to William and to Harold. But the two rivals never came together in the strife. William, we

are told, sought earnestly to meet his enemy face to face, but he never succeeded. He found, however, adversaries hardly less worthy of him. Like Gyrth earlier in the fight, another Englishman, whose axe had been dealing death around him, now met the Duke in single combat. William spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him with his mace, the Englishman swerved, he avoided the stroke, and lifted his own axe against William. The Duke bent himself, the axe fell, it beat in his helmet and nearly struck him from his horse. But William kept his seat, he aimed another blow at the Englishman, who now took shelter among his comrades. A party of the Normans pressed on, singled him out, and pierced him through and through with their lances. Another Englishman smote at the Duke with his spear, but William was beforehand with him, before the blow could be dealt, a stroke of the war-club had smitten him to the ground. Personal encounters of this sort were going on all over the hill. One gigantic Englishman, captain, we are told, of a hundred men, did special execution among the enemy. Beneath his blows, as beneath those of the King, horse and rider fell to the ground, the Normans stood aghast before him, till a thrust from the lance of Roger of Montgomery left him stretched on the earth. Two other Englishmen, sworn brothers in arms, fought side by side, and many horses and men had fallen beneath their axes. A French knight met them face to face, for a moment his heart failed him and he thought of flight, but his courage came back, he raised his shield to save his head from the axes, he pierced one Englishman through with

his lance, as the Englishman fell, the lance broke in his body, the Frenchman then seized a mace which hung at his saddlebow, and smote down the comrade of the slain man, crushing headpiece and head with a single blow. One gallant Norman, Robert Fitz-Erneis, a near kinsman of Ralph of Tesson, died in a more daring exploit than all. He galloped, sword in hand, right towards the Standard itself. He sought for the honour of beating down the proud ensign beneath which the King of the English still kept his post. More than one Englishman died beneath his sword, but he was soon surrounded, and he fell beneath the axes of their comrades. On the morrow his body was found stretched in death at the foot of the Standard.

Other tales of the same sort, characteristic at least, whether verbally true or not, abound in the pages of the Norman poet. All bear witness to the enduring valour displayed on both sides, and to the fearful execution which was wrought by the national English weapon. But at last the effects of this sort of warfare began to tell on the English ranks. There could have been no greater trial than thus to bear up, hour after hour, in a struggle which was purely defensive. The strain, and the consequent weariness, must have been incomparably greater on their side than on that of their assailants. It may well have been in sheer relief from physical weariness that we read, now that there was no artificial defence between them and their enemies, of Englishmen rushing forward from their ranks, bounding like a stag, and thus finding opportunity for the personal encounters which I have been

describing Gradually, after so many brave warriors had fallen, resistance grew fainter, but still even now the fate of the battle seemed doubtful Many of the best and bravest of England had died, but not a man had fled, the Standard still waved as proudly as ever, the King still fought beneath it While Harold still lived, while the horse and his rider still fell beneath his axe, the heart of England failed not, the hope of England had not wholly passed away Around the twofold ensigns the war was still fiercely raging, and to that point every eye and every arm in the Norman host was directed The battle had raged ever since nine in the morning, and evening was now drawing in New efforts, new devices, were needed to overcome the resistance of the English, diminished as were their numbers, and wearied as they were with the livelong toil of that awful day The Duke bade his archers shoot up in the air, that their arrows might, as it were, fall straight from heaven The effect was immediate and fearful No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution Helmets were pierced, eyes were put out, men strove to guard their heads with their shields, and, in so doing, they were of course less able to wield their axes And now the supreme moment drew near There was one point of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were bidden specially to aim with their truest skill As twilight was coming on, a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the Standard There Harold still fought, his shield bristled with Norman shafts, but he was still unwounded and

unwearied At last another arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, went still more truly to its mark Falling like a bolt from heaven, it pierced the King's right eye, he clutched convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft, his axe dropped from his hand, and he sank in agony at the foot of the Standard Meanwhile twenty knights who had bound themselves to lower or to bear off the English ensigns strove to cut their way to the same spot Most of the twenty paid for their venture with their lives, but the survivors succeeded in their attempt Four of them reached the Standard at the very moment when Harold fell Disabled as he was, the King strove to rise, the four rushed upon him and despatched him with various wounds Their names were given, one of the four was Eustace of Boulogne, who might deem that in such a deed of butchery he was repeating his old exploit at Dover Nor need we be amazed to find the son of Guy of Ponthieu foremost in doing despite to the man who had once been his father's prisoner The other two, Hugh of Montfort and the younger Walter Giffard, were no less eager to share in the bloody work The deeds of the four are reckoned up, but we know not how to share them among the actors One pierced through the shield of the dying King and stabbed him in the breast, another smote him with the sword just below the fastenings of his helmet But life was still in him, as he still struggled, a third pierced his body through with his lance, and a fourth finished the work by striking off his leg with his sword Such was the measure which the boasted chivalry of Normandy meted

cut to a prince who had never dealt harshly or cruelly by either a domestic or a foreign foe But we must add, in justice to the Conqueror, that he pronounced the last brutal insult to be a base and cowardly act, and he expelled the doer of it from his army

The blow had gone truly to its mark Harold had fallen, as his valiant brothers had fallen before him And with the King the ensigns of his kingdom had fallen also In the struggle in which he fell, his own Standard of the Fighting Man was beaten to the ground, the golden Dragon, the ensign of Cuthred and Ælfred, was carried off in triumph

Harold died, without a shadow of doubt, on the hill of Senlac, on the day of Saint Calixtus Florence tells the true tale, in words speaking straight from the depths of England's grief—*Heu, ipsemet cecidit crepusculi tempore* In that Twilight of the Gods, when right and wrong went forth to battle, and when wrong for a moment had the victory, the brightest light of Teutonic England sank, and sank for ever The son of Godwine died, as such a King and hero should die, helm on head and battle-axe in hand, striking the last blow for his Crown and people, with the Holy Rood of Waltham the last cry rising from his lips and ringing in his ears Disabled by the Norman arrow, cut down by the Norman sword, he died beneath the Standard of England, side by side with his brothers in blood and valour

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

THIS striking episode comes from the once famous novel, *John Inglesant* (1881), written by J H Shorthouse, a chemical manufacturer at Birmingham. The novel is a mystical story, 'shadowing sense at war with soul'. John Inglesant, the hero of the tale, is a Cavalier who plays a leading part in the cross-currents of intrigue and diplomacy which went on behind the scenes in the Civil War. The first volume describes life in England in the time of the Stuarts. In the second, we have a still more impressive picture of seventeenth-century Italy, whither John Inglesant has gone to avenge the murder of his brother by the Italian assassin, Malvolti. How, after many adventures, murderer and avenger come face to face, and with what result, is here narrated.

It was long before sunrise that Inglesant set out, accompanied by his train, hoping to cross the mountains before the heat began. His company consisted of several men-at-arms, with their grooms and horse boys, and the Austrian page. They ascended the mountains in the earlier part of the night, and towards dawn they reached a flat plain. The night had been too dark to allow them to see the steep and narrow defiles, full of oaks and beech, and as they passed over the dreary plain in the white mist, their figures seemed vast and indistinct in the dim light, but now,

as the streaks of the dawn grew brighter in the east behind them, they could see the fir trees clothing the distant slopes, and here and there one of the higher summits still covered with white snow. The scene was cold and dead and dreary as the grave. A heavy mist hung over the mountain plain, and an icy lake lay black and cold beneath the morning sky. As they reached the crest of the hill the mist rose, stirred by a little breeze at sunrise, and the gorges of the descent lay clear before them. The sun arose behind them, gilding the mountain tops, and tracing streaks and shades of colour on the rising mist sparkling with glittering dew drops, while dark and solemn beneath them lay the pine clothed ravines and sloping valleys, with here and there a rocky peak, and farther down still the woods and hills gave place at last to the plain of the Tiber, at present dark and indistinguishable in the night.

As the sun arose behind them one by one the pine ravines became lighted and the snowy summits, soft and pink with radiant light, stood out against the sky, which became every instant of a deeper blue. The sunlight, stealing down the defiles and calling forth into distinct shape and vision tree and rock and flashing stream, spread itself over the oak woods in the valleys, and shone at last upon the plain, embossed and radiant with wood and green meadow, and marble towers and glistening water—the waters of the Tiber running onwards towards Rome. Mysterious forms and waves of light, the creatures of the morning and of the mist, floated before the sight, and from the dark fir trees murmurs and mutterings of ethereal life fell

upon the ear. Sudden and passionate flushes of colour tinted the pine woods and were gone, and beneath the branches and across the paths fairy lights played for a moment and passed away.

The party halted more than once, but it was necessary to make the long descent before the heat began, and they commenced carefully to pick their way down the stony mountain road, which wound down the ravines in wild unequal paths. The track, now precipitous, now almost level, took them round corners and masses of rock sometimes hanging above their heads, revealing continually new reaches of valley and new defiles clothed with fir and oak. Mountain flowers and trailing ivy and creeping plants hung in festoons on every side, lizards ran across the path, birds fluttered above them or darted into the dark recesses where the mountain brooks were heard, everything sang the morning psalm of life, with which, from field and mountain solitudes, the free children of nature salute the day.

The Austrian boy felt the beauty of the scene, and broke out into singing

"When the northern gods," he said to Inglesant, "rode on their chevisance they went down into the deep valleys singing magic songs. Let us into this dark valley, singing magic songs, also go down, who knows what strange and hidden deity, since the old pagan times lost and forgotten, we may find among the dark fir dingles and the laurel shades?"

And he began to sing some love ditty.

Inglesant did not hear him. The beauty of the scene, ethereal and unreal in its loveliness, following

upon the long dark mountain ride, his sleepless nights and strange familiarity with approaching death by the couch of the old Duke, confused his senses, and a presentiment of impending fate filled his mind. The recollection of his brother rose again in his remembrance, distinct and present as in life, and more than once he fancied that he heard his voice, as the cry of some mountain beast, or sound of moaning trees, came up the pass. No other foreshadowing than this very imperfect one warned him of the approaching crisis of his life.

The sun was fully up, and the light already brilliant and intense, when they approached a projecting point where the slope of wood ended in a tower of rock jutting upon the road. The path by which they approached it was narrow and ragged, but beyond the rock the ground spread itself out, and the path was carried inward towards the right, having the sloping hillside on the one hand, covered with scattered oaks, while, on the other, a slip of ground separated it from the ravine. At the turning of the road, where the opening valley lay before them as they reached the corner, face to face with Inglesant as he checked his horse, was the Italian, the inquisitive stranger of the theatre at Florence, the intruder into the Conclave, the masque of the Carnival ball, the assassin of the Corso—that Malvolti who had treacherously murdered his brother and sought his own life. Alone and weary, his clothes worn and threadbare, he came toiling up the pass. Inglesant reined in his horse suddenly, a strange and fierce light in his eyes and face. The Italian started back like some wild creature of the

forest brought suddenly to bay, a terrified cry broke from him, and he looked wildly round as if intending flight. The nature of the ground caught him as in a trap, on the one hand the sloping hillside steep and open, on the other tangled rugged ground, slightly rising between the road and the precipice, cut off all hope of sudden flight. He looked wildly round for a moment, then, when the horsemen came round the rocky wall and halted behind their leader, his eyes came back to Inglesant's face, and he marked the smile upon his lips and in his eyes, and saw his hand steal downwards to the hunting piece he carried at the saddle, then with a terrible cry, he threw himself on his knees before the horse's head, and begged for pity,—pity and life.

Inglesant took his hand from his weapon, and turning slightly to the page and to the others behind him, he said,—

“This man, messeri, is a murderer and a villain, steeped in every crime, a cruel secret midnight cut-throat and assassin, a lurker in secret corners to murder the innocent. He took my brother, a noble gentleman whom I was proud to follow, treacherously at an advantage, and slew him. I see him now before me lying in his blood. He tried to take my life,—I, who scarcely even knew him,—in the streets of Rome. Now he begs for mercy, what say you, gentlemen? what is his due?”

“Shoot the dog through the head. Hang him on the nearest tree. Carry him into Rome and torture him to death.”

The Italian still continued on his knees, his hands

clasped before him, his face working with terror and agony that could not be disguised

"Mercy, monsignore," he cried "Mercy I cannot, I dare not, I am not fit to die For the blessed Host, monsignore, have mercy—for the love of Jesu—for the sake of Jesu "

As he said these last words Inglesant's attitude altered, and the cruel light faded out of his eyes His hand ceased to finger the carabine at his saddle, and he sat still upon his horse, looking down upon the abject wretch before him, while a man might count fifty The Italian saw, or thought he saw, that his judge was inclining to mercy, and he renewed his appeals for pity

"For the love of the crucifix, monsignore , for the Blessed Virgin's sake "

But Inglesant did not seem to hear him He turned to the horsemen behind him, and said,—

"Take him up, one of you, on the crupper Search him first for arms Another keep his eye on him, and if he moves or attempts to escape, shoot him dead You had better come quietly , " he continued, " it is your only chance for life "

Two of the men-at-arms dismounted and searched the prisoner, but found no arms upon him He seemed indeed to be in the greatest distress from hunger and want, and his clothes were ragged and thin He was mounted behind one of the soldiers and closely watched, but he made no attempt to escape, and indeed appeared to have no strength or energy for such an effort

They went on down the pass for about an Italian

league The country became more thickly wooded, and here and there on the hillsides patches of corn appeared, and once or twice in a sheltered spot a few vines At length, on the broad shoulder of the hill round which the path wound, they saw before them a few cottages, and above them, on the hillside, in a position that commanded the distant pass till it opened on the plain, was a Chapel, the bell of which had just ceased ringing for mass

Inglesant turned his horse's head up the narrow stony path, and when the gate was reached, he dismounted and entered the Chapel, followed by his train The Cappella had apparently been built of the remains of some temple or old Roman house, for many of the stones of the front were carved in bold relief It was a small narrow building, and possessed no furniture save the altar and a rude pulpit built of stones, but behind the altar, painted on the plaster of the wall, was the rood or crucifix, the size of life Who the artist had been cannot now be told, it might have been the pupil of some great master, who had caught something of the master's skill, or, perhaps, in the old time, some artist had come up the pass from Borgo san Sepolcro, and had painted it for the love of his art and of the Blessed Virgin, but, whoever had done it, it was well done, and it gave a sanctity to the little Chapel, and possessed an influence of which the villagers were not unconscious, and of which they were even proud

The mass had commenced some short time as the train entered, and such few women and peasants as were present turned in surprise

Inglesant knelt upon the steps before the altar, and the men-at-arms upon the floor of the Chapel, the two who guarded the prisoner keeping close behind their leader

The priest, who was an old and simple-looking countryman, continued his office without stopping, but when he had received the sacred elements himself, he turned, and, influenced probably by his appearance and by his position at the altar, he offered Inglesant the Sacrament. He took it, and the priest, turning again to the altar, finished the mass

Then Inglesant rose, and when the priest turned again he was standing before the altar with his drawn sword held lengthwise across his hands

“My Father,” he said, “I am the Cavaliere di San Giorgio, and as I came across the mountains this morning on my way to Rome, I met my mortal foe, the murderer of my brother, a wretch whose life is forfeit by every law, either of earth or heaven, a guilty monster steeped in every crime. Him, as soon as I had met him,—sent by this lonely and untrodden way as it seems to me by the Lord’s hand,—I thought to crush at once, as I would a venomous beast, though he is worse than any beast. But, my Father, he has appealed from me to the adorable Name of Jesus, and I cannot touch him. But he will not escape. I give him over to the Lord. I give up my sword into the Lord’s hands, that He may work my vengeance upon him as it seems to Him good. Henceforth he is safe from earthly retribution, but the Divine Powers are just. Take this sword, reverend Father, and let it lie upon the altar beneath the Christ Himself, and

I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul ".

The priest took the sword, and kneeling before the altar, placed it thereon like a man acting in a dream

He was one of those child like peasant-priests to whom the great world was unknown, and to whom his mountain solitudes were peopled as much by the saints and angels of his breviary as by the peasants who shared with him the solitudes and the legends that gave to these mountain fastnesses a mysterious awe To such a man as this it seemed nothing strange that the blessed St George himself, in jewelled armour, should stand before the altar in the mystic morning light, his shining sword in his hand

He turned again to Inglesant, who had knelt down once more

"It is well done, monsignore," he said, "as all that thou doest doubtless is most well The sword shall remain here as thou sayest, and the Lord doubtless will work His blessed will But I entreat, monsignore, thy intercession for me, a poor sinful man, and when thou returnest to thy place, and seest again the Lord Jesus, that thou wilt remind Him of His unworthy priest Amen "

Inglesant scarcely heard what he said, and certainly did not understand it His sense was confused by what had happened, and by the sudden overmastering impulse upon which he had acted He moved as in a dream, nothing seemed to come strange to him, nothing startled him, and he took slight heed of what passed He placed his embroidered purse, heavy with gold, in the priest's hand, and in his excitement

totally forgot to name his brother, for whose repose masses were to be said

He signed to his men to release the prisoner, and, his trumpets sounding to horse before the Chapel gate, he mounted and rode on down the pass

But his visit was not forgotten, and long afterwards, perhaps even to the present day, popular tradition took the story up, and related that once, when the priest of the mountain Chapel was a very holy man, the blessed St George himself, in shining armour, came across the mountains one morning very early, and himself partook of the Sacrament and all his train, and appealed triumphantly to the magic sword—set with gold and precious stones—that lay upon the altar from that morning, by virtue of which no harm can befall the village, no storm strike it, and, above all, no pillage of armed men or any violence can occur

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES

SOCRATES, born 469, and put to death 399 B C, was one of the noblest characters of classical antiquity, and the earliest martyr to Truth. All Athens knew the grotesque, snub-nosed, thick-necked old man, conspicuous for his ugliness in a nation of beautiful people, who wandered about the streets and porticos and gymnasia, embarrassing everyone with his awkward and searching enquiries about current opinions on questions of morality, politics and religion. His fearless criticisms of contemporary democracy, and of the folly and insincerity of Athenian society, made him many enemies, and he was at last arraigned for "denying the Gods recognized by the State and introducing new divinities, and corrupting the young." He was condemned to death by a narrow majority. He refused all efforts made to save him, and quietly drank the fatal hemlock in the presence of his sorrowing disciples. He has been immortalized in the writings of his disciple Plato, from whom the two following extracts are taken. The first, which is the conclusion of the *Apology*, is the address of Socrates to those jurors who voted for him. Here he expounds his views on death. Either it is a dreamless sleep, an Eternal Nirvana, or else it is a passing into a larger and fuller life, where the souls of the just meet and hold communion. In either case, Death holds no terrors for the good. In the second passage, taken from the *Phaedo*, Plato relates, in words of matchless dignity, pathos and simplicity, the final scene. Socrates passes

out into the Great Unknown with the same cheerfulness, courage, and resignation which had characterized all his actions during his lifetime

I

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES

WITH you who have acquitted me I should like to converse touching this thing that has come to pass, while the authorities are busy, and before I go to the place where I have to die. So, I pray you, remain with me until I go hence: there is no reason why we should not converse with each other while it is possible. I wish to explain to you, as my friends, the meaning of what has befallen me. A wonderful thing has happened to me, judges—for you I am right in calling judges¹. The prophetic sign, which I am wont to receive from the divine voice, has been constantly with me all through my life till now, opposing me in quite small matters if I were not going to act rightly. And now you yourselves see what has happened to me, a thing which might be thought, and which is sometimes actually reckoned, the supreme evil. But the sign of God did not withstand me when I was leaving my house in the morning, nor when I was coming up hither to the Court, nor at any point in my speech, when I was going to say anything: though at other times it has often stopped me in the very act of speaking. But now, in this matter, it has never once withstood me, either in my words or my

¹ The form of address hitherto has always been 'Athenians,' or 'my friends' (*ἀνδρες*)

actions I will tell you what I believe to be the reason of that This thing that has come upon me must be a good and those of us who think that death is an evil must needs be mistaken I have a clear proof that that is so , for my accustomed sign would certainly have opposed me, if I had not been going to fare well

And if we reflect in another way we shall see that we may well hope that death is a good For the state of death is one of two things either the dead man wholly ceases to be, and loses all sensation , or, according to the common belief, it is a change and a migration of the soul unto another place And if death is the absence of all sensation, and like the sleep of one whose slumbers are unbroken by any dreams, it will be a wonderful gain For if a man had to select that night in which he slept so soundly that he did not even see any dreams, and had to compare with it all the other nights and days of his life, and then had to say how many days and nights in his life he had spent better and more pleasantly than this night, I think that a private person, nay, even the great King ¹ himself, would find them easy to count, compared with the others If that is the nature of death, I for one count it a gain For then it appears that eternity is nothing more than a single night But if death is a journey to another place, and the common belief be true, that there are all who have died, what good could be greater than this, my judges ? Would a journey not be worth taking, at the end of which, in the other world, we should be released from the self-

¹ Of Persia

styled judges who are here, and should find the true judges, who are said to sit in judgment below, such as Minos, and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, and Triptolemus, and the other demi-gods who were just in their lives ? Or what would you not give to converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer ? I am willing to die many times, if this be true And for my own part I should have a wonderful interest in meeting there Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and the other men of old who have died through an unjust judgment, and in comparing my experiences with theirs That I think would be no small pleasure And, above all, I could spend my time in examining those who are there, as I examine men here, and in finding out which of them is wise, and which of them thinks himself wise, when he is not wise What would we not give, my judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great expedition against Troy, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or countless other men and women whom we could name ? It would be an infinite happiness to converse with them, and to live with them, and to examine them Assuredly there they do not put men to death for doing that For besides the other ways in which they are happier than we are, they are immortal, at least if the common belief be true

And you too, judges, must face death with a good courage, and believe this as a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life, or after death His fortunes are not neglected by the gods, and what has come to me to-day has not come by chance I am persuaded that it was better for me to die now, and to be released from trouble and that was the reason

why the sign never turned me back And so I am hardly angry with my accusers, or with those who have condemned me to die Yet it was not with this mind that they accused me and condemned me, but meaning to do me an injury So far I may find fault with them

Yet I have one request to make of them When my sons grow up, visit them with punishment, my friends, and vex them in the same way that I have vexed you, if they seem to you to care for riches, or for any other thing, before virtue and if they think that they are something, when they are nothing at all, reproach them, as I have reproached you, for not caring for what they should, and for thinking that they are great men when in fact they are worthless And if you will do this, I myself and my sons will have received our deserts at your hands

But now the time has come, and we must go hence, I to die, and you to live Whether life or death is better is known to God, and to God only

II

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

When he had finished speaking Crito said, Be it so, Socrates But have you any commands for your friends or for me about your children, or about other things? How shall we serve you best?

Simply by doing what I always tell you, Crito Take care of your own selves, and you will serve me and mine and yourselves in all that you do, even though you make no promises now But if you are

careless of your own selves, and will not follow the path of life which we have pointed out in our discussions both to-day and at other times, all your promises now, however profuse and earnest they are, will be of no avail

We will do our best, said Crito But how shall we bury you ?

As you please, he answered , only you must catch me first, and not let me escape you And then he looked at us with a smile and said, My friends, I cannot convince Crito that I am the Socrates who has been conversing with you, and arranging his arguments in order He thinks that I am the body which he will presently see a corpse, and he asks how he is to bury me All the arguments which I have used to prove that I shall not remain with you after I have drunk the poison, but that I shall go away to the happiness of the blessed, with which I tried to comfort you and myself, have been thrown away on him Do you therefore be my sureties to him, as he was my surety at the trial, but in a different way He was surety for me then that I would remain , but you must be my sureties to him that I shall go away when I am dead, and not remain with you then he will feel my death less , and when he sees my body being burnt or buried, he will not be grieved because he thinks that I am suffering dreadful things and at my funeral he will not say that it is Socrates whom he is laying out, or bearing to the grave, or burying For, dear Crito, he continued, you must know that to use words wrongly is not only a fault in itself , it also creates evil in the soul You must be of good cheer,

and say that you are burying my body and you must bury it, as you please, and as you think right

With these words he rose and went into another room to bathe himself. Crito went with him and told us to wait. So we waited, talking of the argument, and discussing it, and then again dwelling on the greatness of the calamity which had fallen upon us. It seemed as if we were going to lose a father, and to be orphans for the rest of our life. When he had bathed, and his children had been brought to him,—he had two sons quite little, and one grown up,—and the women of his family were come, he spoke with them in Crito's presence and gave them his last commands, then he sent the women and children away, and returned to us. By that time it was near the hour of sunset, for he had been a long while within. When he came back to us from the bath he sat down, but not much was said after that. Presently the servant of the Eleven came and stood before him and said, "I know that I shall not find you unreasonable like other men, Socrates. They are angry with me and curse me when I bid them drink the poison because the authorities make me do it. But I have found you all along the noblest and gentlest and best man that has ever come here, and now I am sure that you will not be angry with me, but with those who you know are to blame. And so farewell, and try to bear what must be as lightly as you can, you know why I have come." With that he turned away weeping, and went out.

Socrates looked up at him, and replied, Farewell. I will do as you say. Then he turned to us and said, How courteous the man is! And the whole time that

I have been here, he has constantly come in to see me, and sometimes he has talked to me, and has been the best of men, and now, how generously he weeps for me! Come, Crito, let us obey him let the poison be brought if it is ready, and if it is not ready, let it be prepared

Crito replied Nay, Socrates, I think that the sun is still upon the hills, it has not set Besides, I know that other men take the poison quite late, and eat and drink heartily, and even enjoy the company of their chosen friends, after the announcement has been made So do not hurry, there is still time

Socrates replied And those whom you speak of, Crito, naturally do so, for they think that they will be gainers by so doing And I naturally shall not do so, for I think that I should gain nothing by drinking the poison a little later, but my own contempt for so greedily saving up a life which is already spent So do not refuse to do as I say

Then Crito made a sign to his slave who was standing by, and the slave went out, and after some delay returned with the man who was to give the poison, carrying it prepared in a cup When Socrates saw him, he asked, You understand these things, my good sir, what have I to do?

You have only to drink this, he replied, and to walk about until your legs feel heavy, and then lie down, and it will act of itself With that he handed the cup to Socrates, who took it quite cheerfully, Echecrates, without trembling, and without any change of colour or of feature, and looked up at the man with that fixed glance of his, and asked, What say you to making a

libation from this draught? May I, or not? We only prepare so much as we think sufficient, Socrates, he answered. I understand, said Socrates. But I suppose that I may, and must, pray to the gods that my journey hence may be prosperous—that is my prayer, be it so. With these words he put the cup to his lips and drank the poison quite calmly and cheerfully. Till then most of us had been able to control our grief fairly well, but when we saw him drinking, and then the poison finished, we could do so no longer. My tears came fast in spite of myself, and I covered my face and wept for myself—it was not for him, but at my own misfortune in losing such a friend. Even before that Crito had been unable to restrain his tears, and had gone away, and Apollodorus, who had never once ceased weeping the whole time, burst into a loud cry, and made us one and all break down by his sobbing and grief, except only Socrates himself. What are you doing, my friends? he exclaimed. I sent away the women chiefly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in silence. So calm yourselves and bear up. When we heard that we were ashamed, and we ceased from weeping. But he walked about, until he said that his legs were getting heavy, and then he lay down on his back, as he was told. And the man who gave the poison began to examine his feet and legs, from time to time. Then he pressed his foot hard, and asked if there was any feeling in it, and Socrates said, No—and then his legs, and so higher and higher, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates felt himself, and said

that when it came to his heart, he should be gone. He was already growing cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, which had been covered, and spoke for the last time. Crito, he said, I owe a cock to Asclepius, do not forget to pay it. It shall be done, replied Crito. Is there anything else that you wish? He made no answer to this question, but after a short interval there was a movement, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were fixed. Then Crito closed his mouth and his eyes.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, a man, I think, who was the wisest and justest, and the best man that I have ever known.

THE PASSING OF THE BUDDHA

GAUTAMA SIDDHARTHA, afterwards known as the Buddha or Enlightened One, was born about 480 B C at Kapilavastu, near Benares, where his father was a petty Raja. He was thus an elder contemporary of Socrates, and his birth coincides with the clash of arms at Marathon and Salamis in the west. It was, indeed, a time of awakening for the Aryan world. Gautama was a Kshatriya, a Prince of the Warrior Caste, and early became obsessed with the eternal problem of human suffering. Despite the persuasions of his parents, he left his palace, and donning the ascetic's robe, went out to seek the way to salvation. His enlightenment or conversion took place quite suddenly, when he was sitting, in a state of great dejection and exhaustion, under a gigantic pipal-tree. In due course, he set out to preach the truths which he had discovered. Gautama's teaching was a protest against the priestcraft of the Brahmins, and the complicated and meaningless Vedic ritual. This, he said, like the penances of the ascetics, cannot bring salvation. On questions like the existence of God, or the immortality of the Soul, his views were purely agnostic. The decisive factor in life is *karma*, the inexorable result of our actions. Karma determines our future lives, and the extinction of Karma leads to Nirvana, the absorption of the individual in the Infinite, as the raindrop, falling into the ocean from which it sprang, is absorbed and lost. Gautama's teaching, which was all directed to the emancipation of the common

people from the shackles of superstition and ritual, brought him many followers he continued to wander on foot in the lower Ganges valley with his disciples from place to place, preaching and conversing for nearly half a century. At the age of eighty, he died of dysentery near the little town of Kusinagara. The fatal illness was brought on by eating a meal of pork prepared by a poor smith called Chunda. The story of his death, told with great simplicity and pathos, is taken from an old Pali work, the *Mahaparanibbana Sutta* or Book of the Great Decease.

Now Chunda, the worker in metals, heard that the Blessed One had come to Pava, and was staying there in his Mango Grove.

And Chunda, the worker in metals, went to the place where the Blessed One was, and saluting him took his seat respectfully on one side. And when he was thus seated, the Blessed One instructed, aroused, incited, and gladdened him with religious discourse.

Then he, instructed, aroused, incited, and gladdened by the religious discourse, addressed the Blessed One, and said 'May the Blessed One do me the honour of taking his meal, together with the brethren, at my house to-morrow.'

And the Blessed One signified, by silence, his consent.

Then seeing that the Blessed One had consented, Chunda, the worker in metals, rose from his seat and bowed down before the Blessed One, and keeping him on his right hand as he past him, departed thence.

Now at the end of the night, Chunda, the worker in metals, made ready in his dwelling-place sweet rice

and cakes, and a quantity of dried boar's flesh And he announced the hour to the Blessed One, saying, 'The hour, Lord, has come, and the meal is ready'

And the Blessed One robed himself early in the morning, and taking his bowl, went with the brethren to the dwelling-place of Chunda, the worker in metals When he had come thither he seated himself on the seat prepared for him And when he was seated he addressed Chunda, the worker in metals, and said 'As to the dried boar's flesh you have made ready, serve me with it, Chunda, and as to the other food, the sweet rice and cakes, serve the brethren with it'

'Even so, Lord!' said Chunda, the worker in metals, in assent, to the Blessed One And the dried boar's flesh he had made ready he served to the Blessed One, whilst the other food, the sweet rice and cakes, he served to the members of the order

Now the Blessed One addressed Chunda, the worker in metals, and said 'Whatever dried boar's flesh, Chunda, is left over to thee, that bury in a hole I see no one, Chunda, on earth nor in Mara's heaven, nor in Brahma's heaven, no one among Samanas and Brahmanas, among gods and men, by whom, when he has eaten it, that food can be assimilated, save by the Tathagata'

'Even so, Lord!' said Chunda, the worker in metals, in assent, to the Blessed One And whatever dried boar's flesh remained over, that he buried in a hole

And he went to the place where the Blessed One was, and when he had come there, took his seat respectfully on one side And when he was seated,

the Blessed One instructed and aroused and incited and gladdened Chunda, the worker in metals, with religious discourse And the Blessed One then rose from his seat and departed thence

Now when the Blessed One had eaten the food prepared by Chunda, the worker in metal, there fell upon him a dire sickness, the disease of dysentery, and sharp pain came upon him, even unto death But the Blessed One, mindful and self-possessed, bore it without complaint

Now the venerable Ananda went into the Vihara, and stood leaning against the lintel of the door, and weeping at the thought "Alas! I remain still but a learner, one who has yet to work out his own perfection And the Master is about to pass away from me—he who is so kind!"

Now the Blessed One called the brethren, and said 'Where, then, brethren, is Ananda?'

'The venerable Ananda, Lord, has gone into the Vihara, and stands leaning against the lintel of the door, and weeping at the thought "Alas! I remain still but a learner, one who has yet to work out his own perfection And the Master is about to pass away from me—he who is so kind?"'

And the Blessed One called a certain brother, and said 'Go now, brother, and call Ananda in my name and say, "Brother Ananda, the Master calls for thee"'

'Even so, Lord!' said that brother, in assent, to the Blessed One And he went up to the place where the Blessed One was, and when he had come there, he said to the venerable Ananda 'Brother Ananda, the Master calls for thee'

Very well, brother,' said the venerable Ananda, in assent, to that brother. And he went up to the place where the Blessed One was, and when he had come there, he bowed down before the Blessed One, and took his seat respectfully on one side.

Then the Blessed One said to the venerable Ananda, as he sat there by his side: 'Enough, Ananda! Do not let yourself be troubled, do not weep! Have I not already, on former occasions, told you that it is in the very nature of all things most near and dear unto us that we must divide ourselves from them, leave them, sever ourselves from them? How, then, Ananda, can this be possible—whereas anything whatever born, brought into being, and organised, contains within itself the inherent necessity of dissolution—how, then, can this be possible, that such a being should not be dissolved? No such condition can exist! For a long time, Ananda, have you been very near to me by acts of love, kind and good, that never varies, and is beyond all measure. For a long time, Ananda, have you been very near to me by words of love, kind and good, that never varies, and is beyond all measure. For a long time, Ananda, have you been very near to me by thoughts of love, kind and good, that never varies, and is beyond all measure. You have done well, Ananda! Be earnest in effort, and you too shall soon be free from the great evils—from sensuality, from individuality, from delusion, and from ignorance!'

Now the Blessed One addressed the venerable Ananda, and said: 'It may be, Ananda, that in some

of you the thought may arise, "The word of the Master is ended, we have no teacher more!" But it is not thus, Ananda, that you should regard it. The truths and the rules of the order which I have set forth and laid down for you all, let them, after I am gone, be the Teacher to you.

'Ananda! when I am gone address not one another in the way in which the brethren have heretofore addressed each other—with the epithet, that is, of "Avuso" (Friend). A younger brother may be addressed by an elder with his name, or his family name, or the title "Friend." But an elder should be addressed by a younger brother as "Lord," or as "Venerable Sir."

'When I am gone, Ananda, let the order, if it should so wish, abolish all the lesser and minor precepts.

'When I am gone, Ananda, let the higher penalty be imposed on brother Khanna.'

'But what, Lord, is the higher penalty?'

'Let Khanna say whatever he may like, Ananda, the brethren should neither speak to him, nor exhort him, nor admonish him.'

Then the Blessed One addressed the brethren, and said: 'It may be, brethren, that there may be doubt or misgiving in the mind of some brother as to the Buddha, or the truth, or the path, or the way. Enquire, brethren, freely. Do not have to reproach yourselves afterwards with the thought, "Our teacher was face to face with us, and we could not bring ourselves to enquire of the Blessed One when we were face to face with him."'

And when he had thus spoken the brethren were silent

And again the second and the third time the Blessed One addressed the brethren, and said 'It may be, brethren, that there may be doubt or misgiving in the mind of some brother as to the Buddha, or the truth, or the path, or the way Enquire, brethren, freely Do not have to reproach yourselves afterwards with the thought, "Our teacher was face to face with us, and we could not bring ourselves to enquire of the Blessed One when we were face to face with him"'

And even the third time the brethren were silent

Then the Blessed One addressed the brethren, and said 'It may be, brethren, that you put no questions out of reverence for the teacher Let one friend communicate to another'

And when he had thus spoken the brethren were silent

And the venerable Ananda said to the Blessed One 'How wonderful a thing is it, Lord, and how marvellous! Verily, I believe that in this whole assembly of the brethren there is not one brother who has any doubt or misgiving as to the Buddha, or the truth, or the path, or the way!'

'It is out of the fulness of faith that thou hast spoken, Ananda! But, Ananda, the Tathagata knows for certain that in this whole assembly of the brethren there is not one brother who has any doubt or misgiving as to the Buddha, or the truth, or the path, or the way! For even the most backward, Ananda, of all these five hundred brethren has become converted,

and is no longer liable to be born in a state of suffering, and is assured of final salvation '

Then the Blessed One addressed the brethren, and said . ' Behold now, brethren, I exhort you, saying, " Decay is inherent in all component things ! Work out your salvation with diligence ! " '

This was the last word of the Tathagata !

Then the Blessed One entered into the first stage of deep meditation And rising out of the first stage he passed into the second And rising out of the second he passed into the third And rising out of the third stage he passed into the fourth And rising out of the fourth stage of deep meditation he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of space is alone present And passing out of the mere consciousness of the infinity of space he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of thought is alone present And passing out of the mere consciousness of the infinity of thought he entered into a state of mind to which nothing at all was specially present And passing out of the consciousness of no special object he fell into a state between consciousness and unconsciousness And passing out of the state between consciousness and unconsciousness he fell into a state in which the consciousness both of sensations and of ideas had wholly passed away

Then the venerable Ananda said to the venerable Anuruddha ' O my Lord, O Anuruddha, the Blessed One is dead ! '

' Nay ! brother Ananda, the Blessed One is not dead He has entered into that state in which both sensations and ideas have ceased to be ! '

Then the Blessed One passing out of the state in which both sensations and ideas have ceased to be entered into the state between consciousness and unconsciousness. And passing out of the state between consciousness and unconsciousness he entered into the state of mind to which nothing at all is specially present. And passing out of the consciousness of no special object he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of thought is alone present. And passing out of the mere consciousness of the infinity of thought he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of space is alone present. And passing out of the mere consciousness of the infinity of space he entered into the fourth stage of deep meditation. And passing out of the fourth stage he entered into the third. And passing out of the third stage he entered into the second. And passing out of the second he entered into the first. And passing out of the first stage of deep meditation he entered into the second. And passing out of the second stage he entered into the third. And passing out of the third stage he entered into the fourth stage of deep meditation. And passing out of the last stage of deep meditation he immediately expired.

THE CONQUEST OF DISEASE

"PEACE hath her Victories, not less renowned than War," is a trite saying, but it is wonderfully applicable to the heroic work in preventive medicine which has been performed in the last fifty years. The pioneer was the great Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, who in 1864 announced to the Sorbonne his discovery of the "germ theory." This he applied in 1885 to the prevention of hydrophobia. Since then, the "germ theory" has been extended, by Lord Lister, to surgery, and countless lives have been saved from death by septic poisoning. Similarly, plague was traced to a germ propagated by the rat, and malarial and other fevers to germs propagated by mosquitoes, tsetse flies, bugs, and other carriers. The heroic work of Sir Ronald Ross upon malaria, and of other devoted workers on yellow fever and other tropical fevers, is here described. It is a striking example of the work which modern science is doing for the alleviation of human suffering.

A FEW years ago mosquitoes, flies, ticks, fleas, and related biting and blood-sucking insects, were considered by most people to be unworthy objects of serious study, but it is now known that they are most important factors in the spread of various diseases, especially in tropical countries. It has been established by many investigators that these creatures are

the sole agents of inoculation into man of the germs of malaria, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, plague, East-coast fever, Kala-azar, typhus fever, recurrent fever and other maladies which have brought suffering and death to millions of people. In most cases they are not merely mechanical bearers of disease germs from one victim to another, for if that were so the problem of discovering the part they played would be relatively simple. Usually their bodies are breeding-places of microscopic organisms which they suck from the blood of one victim—beast or man—and these parasites, after undergoing profound transformations within their hosts, are afterwards injected into other victims. Insects have thus been shown to be intimately related to the life of man, and a branch of study which was formerly considered to be of purely zoological interest has proved to be closely connected with practical problems of European colonisation in tropical regions.

If it is better to save life than to destroy it, then laud and honour should be given to those patient scientific investigators whose studies have shown how to lessen human suffering and prevent the spread of fatal diseases. Before a disease can be prevented it must be understood, there must be a knowledge of its nature and mode of transmission if a sure remedy is to be found, and that knowledge is obtained by the man of science, whose work meets with little encouragement either officially or publicly, and is usually without reward.

No better examples could be found of the benefits of such work to the human race than are afforded by the studies of tropical and other diseases carried on

in recent years Perhaps the most important of these diseases is malarial fever, which causes the death of more than a million people yearly in India alone When Sir Ronald Ross was carrying out at Bangalore the intricate and minute researches required to determine the cause of malaria and its remedy, he wrote the pleading lines

In this, O Nature, yield, I pray, to me
I pace and pace, and think and think, and take
The fever'd hands, and note down all I see,
That some dim distant light may haply break

The painful faces ask, can we not cure ?
We answer, No, not yet , we seek the laws
O God, reveal thro' all this thing obscure
The unseen, small, but million-murdering cause

At that time it was believed by most people that malaria was caused by some kind of vapour or " miasma " which rose from swampy or marshy land It is now known to be transmitted by a certain kind of mosquito which can harbour the germs of the disease and convey them from one person to another

This conclusion seems simple enough, but it was only proved to be true by slow steps and persistent work The theory that mosquitoes are carriers of disease, and that malaria is transmitted by them or flies, was put forward fourteen centuries ago, and was revived in more modern times, but systematic practical study was necessary to establish it The links of evidence by which the mosquito has been convicted of causing many millions of deaths from malaria were not forged together until recent years

First, Dr C L A Laveran, a French army surgeon, studying malaria in a military hospital in Algiers, discovered that the blood of a person suffering from malaria always contains a peculiar parasite or organism. Sir Patrick Manson then suggested that these parasites pass a part of their existence in the bodies of mosquitoes, which carry them from one person to another. When in the blood of a human being the parasites are in a certain stage of development, but they can only complete their life-cycle in the body of their insect host.

To Sir Ronald Ross belongs the honour of tracing the various stages of the existence of the parasite in the body of the mosquito until it was ripe for injection into a human being by the bite of the insect. He proved by numerous experiments that the only means by which a healthy person can acquire malaria is by the bite of a mosquito which has previously bitten someone whose blood contains the particular organisms associated with the disease. In other words, if there were no mosquitoes of the kind required by the malarial parasites to complete their life-cycle, there could be no malarial fever. On the eve of this remarkable discovery, Ross offered up a prayer of thanks which makes a beautiful supplement to the lines written several years before.

This day relenting God
Hath placed within my hand
A wondrous thing, and God
Be praised At His command,
Seeking His secret deeds,
With tears and toiling breath,

I find thy cunning seeds,
O million-murdering Death
I know this little thing
A myriad men will save
O Death, where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O Grave ?

The cause of the disease having been found, the remedy was evidently to stamp out the mosquito, so far as possible, by searching out its breeding-places and destroying the larvae in them. This is not so difficult as it may appear at first sight, because the larvae can easily be distinguished in the puddles and other collections of stagnant water in which they occur. By carrying on a vigorous campaign against mosquitoes, many very malarious places on the earth have been made habitable, and prosperous townships are growing up in districts which formerly sustained only a few sickly and miserable inhabitants.

Where the teachings of science have been followed, our race has triumphed over its enemies, where ignorance or apathy prevails, the toll is being paid in human lives. This is exemplified not only by malaria, but also by many other diseases which have been studied by scientific methods. One of the most striking examples of this kind is that of yellow fever. Inspired by Ross's work, an investigation of the cause of the disease was undertaken, with the result that, like malaria, it was found to be transmitted by a mosquito, though a different kind from that which conveys malaria.

In the year 1900, the president of the United States appointed a commission of five, with Dr. Walter Reed

at its head, to carry out investigations in the Island of Cuba, with the object of discovering the cause of yellow fever. Believing that the mosquito theory could only be tested by actual experiment upon a human subject, one of the members of the commission, Dr Lazear, permitted himself to be bitten by a mosquito which had previously bitten a person suffering from yellow fever, with the result that he contracted the disease and died in a few days. He gave up his life for others, and the plain record of his sacrifice upon a tablet erected to his memory reads "With more than the courage and devotion of the soldier, he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated and how its ravages may be prevented."

Two private soldiers volunteered their services for experimental purposes, though they were warned of the danger and suffering probably involved. When both made it a stipulation that they should receive no pecuniary reward, Dr Reed touched his cap and said respectfully, "Gentlemen, I salute you." For one of the first experiments, three brave men slept for twenty nights in a small ill-ventilated room screened from mosquitoes but containing furniture and clothing which had been in close contact with yellow-fever patients, some of whom had died from the disease. None of the men contracted yellow fever, thus indicating the disease was not of a contagious nature. The next experiment was to divide a similar building by a wire screen, and to admit mosquitoes which had bitten yellow-fever patients into the section on one side only of the screen. One of the soldiers, John J.

Moran, entered this section a few minutes later and allowed these mosquitoes to bite him. He had a sharp attack of yellow fever, while three soldiers on the other side of the screen, being protected from mosquito bites, remained in perfect health, it had been demonstrated that the scourge of the tropics was conveyed by the agency of a mosquito.

In the same year the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine sent Dr H. E. Durham and Dr Walter Myers to Para to study yellow fever there. Both fully understood the dangers to which they would be exposed and the risks they ran, but they decided to take the risks and do the work that came to their hand. Both contracted the disease, and Myers died from it—a victim to his love of science and humanity—on January 20, 1901. His death added another name to the roll of martyrs to scientific investigation. High courage and an unselfish spirit led him to accept the invitation to take part in a most dangerous expedition, and he died that others might live.

One practical result of the discovery of the cause of yellow fever was that it made possible the construction of the Panama Canal, which had been abandoned as hopeless. It was not a hostile army or political difficulties that obstructed the progress of the work, not mountain chain or desert waste, but an insect which raised a barrier of disease and death between endeavour and accomplishment.

For four centuries the narrow Isthmus of Panama was regarded as the white man's grave. "Yellow Jack," or yellow fever, prevented Spaniards, French, or English from founding colonies there, and it was

abandoned to negroes and half-breeds, who were immune to the disease. When Ferdinand de Lesseps, the constructor of the Suez Canal, commenced to cut the canal through the Isthmus of Panama, the chief obstacles in his way were yellow and malarial fevers. His men died like flies. It has been stated that before the work was finally abandoned by the French, a human life had been sacrificed for every cubic yard of earth excavated. Out of every hundred men employed upon the work, at least eighteen were sacrificed to a disease which is now known to be preventable, and many more were rendered helpless.

When the United States took over the control of the canal, the Government set to work to exterminate the mosquitoes responsible for the transmission of yellow fever and malaria. An army of sanitary officers, organised by Colonel W. C. Gorgas, was employed in a vigorous fight against the death-dealing mosquito, with the result that yellow fever has been practically stamped out. Death from yellow fever on the Isthmus of Panama since 1905, when the canal zone came under the complete control of the United States, is almost unknown. By the destruction of a little eye gnat, a great engineering enterprise was made possible of realisation.

Wherever steady war has been waged upon the mosquito, yellow fever and malaria have practically disappeared. Formerly, yellow fever was the constant scourge of the West Indian Islands. One writer says: "The churchyards of Barbados and the other islands are full of the bones of the victims, and it is said of the slopes of the Morne, in St. Lucia, that

there is not a square yard without the remains of a soldier under it, more being there from the results of yellow fever than from the bullets of the enemy " Now what do we find ? The scourge which terrified the inhabitants of the West Indies every year in the old days has entirely vanished as the result of establishing regulations dealing with the breeding-places of mosquitoes. Action founded upon the word of science has converted into health resorts districts in which formerly a European could scarcely hope to survive.

Malaria and yellow fever have thus been formidable barriers to colonisation, and to have discovered their cause and their remedy is of the highest importance to the human race. Let us give one more instance of a similar kind. In certain districts of Central and Southern Africa thousands of cattle and animals die yearly of what is known as fly disease. This disease is carried from a sick to a healthy animal by the bite of a tsetse-fly—an insect only slightly larger than an ordinary house-fly. Domestic animals which enter fly-districts are seized in the course of a few days with fever and wasting, and they almost invariably die. Books of African travel are full of records of horses, teams of oxen, and herds of native cattle having been destroyed by the tsetse-fly disease, and on one occasion a native army, proceeding to the attack of an enemy, was effectually routed by having incautiously crossed fly-country.

Scientific investigations carried on chiefly by Sir David and Lady Bruce have shown that sleeping-sickness, which has destroyed millions of human beings

in Central Africa, is probably spread by the bite of a tsetse fly closely related to that which causes the fly-disease in cattle. Though the suffering caused by sleeping-sickness has been known for many years, it was not until toward the end of the nineteenth century that a systematic study of its cause was undertaken. It was soon found that the tsetse-fly does not possess a venom of its own, but is the carrier of poison matter. When the fly bites a sick person or animal, it sucks up some of the parasites of the disease. These multiply and persist within the body of the insect, and may be transmitted to every person on whom it feeds during several weeks, and perhaps months. Sleeping-sickness was long supposed to be fatal to black races only, but the immunity of the white man from it was disproved by the death in 1907 of Lieutenant Tulloch, who contracted the disease while engaged in investigating it in Uganda, and whose name must be added to the same honourable roll as that upon which the names of Lazear and Myers are inscribed.

In the case of sleeping-sickness, then, we have a particular insect as the agent for the spread of a particular disease. People who devote attention to the study of insects are usually considered to be concerning themselves with subjects far removed from the ordinary affairs of life, they may be tolerated, but they are not to be encouraged. But now that biting flies have been shown to be responsible for the transmission of a number of terrible diseases, knowledge which was considered quite useless has proved to be of the greatest importance. There could not

be a better illustration of the ultimate value of faithful scientific work. Take this lesson to heart, whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Every addition to knowledge is a stepping-stone by which the human race can pass to new regions of discovery. Science asks not for words, but work, for the patient study of the things before us rather than for dreams and vague speculations. Listen to the trumpet-call of a naturalist and philosopher, whose labours for many years "to search out the secrets of nature by the way of experiment" have made life happier and surer in many parts of the world.

We must not accept any speculations merely because they now appear pleasant, flattering, or ennobling to us. We must be content to creep upwards step by step, planting each foot on the firmest finding of the moment, using the compass and such other instruments as we have, observing without either despair or contempt the clouds and precipices above and beneath us. Especially our duty at present is to better our present foothold, to investigate, to comprehend the forces of nature, to set our State rationally in order, to stamp down disease in body, mind, and government, to lighten the monstrous misery of our fellows, not by windy dogmas, but by calm science. *Sir Ronald Ross.*

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894) was compelled on account of his religious views to abandon his career at Oxford in 1847. He then started life as a journalist. He was a regular contributor to *Fraser's* and *The Westminster*, and in these magazines appeared many of the *Short Studies in Great Subjects* which afterwards became famous. Under the influence of Charles Kingsley he had already become a staunch opponent of the Catholic movement and an enthusiastic student of the Elizabethan period, to which he devoted his lifetime. His greatest work was his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada*, one of the most graphic and thrilling narratives ever written, but marred by inaccuracy and partizanship. In 1892, his old University made tardy amends by electing him to the Chair of Modern History in succession to Freeman. In Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Froude found a congenial subject. Born in that nursery of English seamanship, Devon, in 1539, the half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, he early distinguished himself in Ireland under Sir Philip Sidney in 1570. In 1576 he took up the burning question of the North-West Passage which acted as a lodestar to Elizabethan adventurers, and on 11th June, 1583, he set out with his little company on the quest from which he was destined never to return.

SOME two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a

projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream, in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it, or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset, and here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humphrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood

to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness," inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures, and insisting with so much loudness on these important matters that they reached the all-attentive ears of Walsingham, and through Walsingham were conveyed to the Queen. Gilbert was examined before the Queen's Majesty and the Privy Council, the record of which examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures, and invaluable practical discoveries, among imaginations at which all our love for him cannot hinder us from smiling, the whole of it from first to last saturated through and through with his inborn nobility of nature.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and America therefore is necessarily an island. The gulf stream which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to

Magellan's Straits in the south, he believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, the land to the south being unbroken to the Pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes

"The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the coloured clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure "

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humphrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them. But we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him

"Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever

"Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno* "

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of

subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the Queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humphrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler, and in the end, indeed, Mr Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons, the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End), the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each, and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add, that if in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if

he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands

"We were in all," says Mr Hayes, "260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurements of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people "

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident St John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there, and Sir Humphrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on One of these had remained at St John's He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer, examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World How dangerous it was we shall presently see It was towards the end of August

"The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and haughtboys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells "

Two days after came the storm, the *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humphrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her, at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance, and with much difficulty Sir Humphrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

"So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair, and colour, not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes, and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to

deliver But he took it for *Bonum Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy if it were the devil "

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil , men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labours for God and for right, they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature But to follow the brave Sir Humphrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward The 2nd of September the General came on board the *Golden Hinde* " to make merry with us " He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers , and Mr Hayes considered that the loss of manuscripts could not be so very distressing, and that there must have been something behind, certain gold ore, for instance, which had perished also—considerations not perhaps of particular value He was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with all eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr Hayes and others, who were persuaded that Sir Humphrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from

him They could make nothing, however, of his odd ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished Sir Humphrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs

"Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold)," continues Mr Hayes, "to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate, and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—'I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils' "

Albeit, thinks the writer, who is unable to comprehend such high gallantry, there must have been something on his mind of what the world would say of him, "and it was rather rashness than advised resolution to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life," for the writing of which sentence we will trust the author, either in this world or the other, has before this done due penance and repented of it

Two thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise " Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea " had never seen it more outrageous " We had also upon

our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux "

" Monday, the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, ' We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being a-head of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried, ' The General was cast away,' which was too true "

So *stirbt ein Held* It was a fine end for a mortal man We will not call it sad or tragic, but heroic and sublime, and if our eyes water as we write it down, it is not with sorrow, but with joy and pride

" Thus faithfully," concludes Mr Hayes (in some degree rising above himself), " I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear, he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God, and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North-Western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman,

and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues c

“ Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired ”

Such was Sir Humphrey Gilbert , we know but little more of him, and we can only conjecture that he was still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries , but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion ! He was one of a race which have ceased to be We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever

NOTES

p 2, l 9 **Circean hills** The Circean promontory (so-called because the famous sorceress, Circe, was said to have lived near this spot), and the little Volscian town of Anxur, lie just north of Formiae, the watering-place about midway between Rome and Naples, where Landor lays the scene of this dialogue

l 11 **Cato** the younger, the last of the Republicans, committed suicide following the defeat of his troops at Thapsus (46 B C), after reading all night Plato's *Phaedo* on the immortality of the soul He is the hero of Addison's famous drama

l 11 **Lucullus**, the famous epicure and millionaire, who retired into private life when he was superseded by Pompey in the Mithridatic Wars One of Landor's dialogues is between Lucullus and Caesar

l 12 **Cornelia**, the "mother of the Gracchi," who, when asked to show her jewels, brought forward her children, saying, "These are my jewels" She is celebrated as the ideal type of the Roman matron

l 14 **Lepidus** This is the celebrated "triumvirate" which ruled for a short time after Caesar's murder Lepidus dropped out, and Octavius, having defeated Mark Anthony at Actium (31 B C), became first Emperor of Rome with the title of Augustus

p 5, l 10 **Laelius, Duties** *De Amicitia* and *De Officiis*, two celebrated treatises of Cicero

p 6, l 11 **Atlantic** The Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) were the western boundary of the ancient world

l 15 **Rostra.** The pulpit from which the Roman orator harangued the crowd in the Forum or market-place

p 10, l 6 **Critobulus** Perhaps the son of Crito, the disciple of Socrates

l 10 **Pomponius Atticus**, friend and correspondent of Cicero

p 11, l 2 **Hylas**, a beautiful youth who was carried off by the water-nymphs while gazing at his own reflection

l 3 **Narcissus** fell in love with his own reflection, and was changed into a flower

The allegory that follows, representing the eternal quest of the Soul for Truth, is perhaps the most beautiful in the English language

p 17, l 6 **Vane** Sir Harry Vane was an extremist who belonged to the sect of mystical visionaries known as the Fifth-Monarchy men. He quarrelled with Cromwell at the dissolution of the "Rump" Parliament in 1653, and was executed after the Restoration in 1662

l 8 **Fleetwood** Cromwell's son-in-law, and an able general and administrator

p 18, l 3 **Talus** See Book V of the *Faerie Queene*. He was an iron monster, page of Sir Artegal, the champion of Justice,

Who in his hand an yron flae did holde

With which he thresht out falsehood, and did Truth unfold

ll 17, 18 **Dunstan** The great Saxon archbishop and statesman, 959-988, noted for the fanatical austerity of his Church reforms

Simon de Montfort, though he fought for parliamentary liberty in England, carried out a cruel persecution of the Albigenses, an early French protestant sect (1209-12). **St Dominic** was a Spanish monk who started the Dominican order for the suppression of heresy in 1215 (the Dominicans controlled the Inquisition). **Escobar** (c 1650) was a Spanish Jesuit and writer on Casuistry

p 18, ll 27, 29 **Heathens**, freethinkers and scholars like Algernon Sidney or Andrew Marvell **Thomas** and **Gallios**, see the Bible, St John xx 24, Acts xviii 17

p 19, l 1 **Plutarch**, the Greco-Roman biographer, lived in the first century A D, and wrote the famous *Lives* of Greek and Roman Statesmen, which, in North's translation, inspired Shakespeare's Roman plays

l 3 **The Brissotines** were the Girondins or Moderates in the time of the French Revolution

l 14 **Whitefriars**, near the Temple, a disreputable part of London in the seventeenth century

l 26 **Janissaries**, the bodyguard of the Sultans of Turkey

p 20, l 7 **Duessa**, the wicked sorceress in the *Faerie Queene* She stands for Mary Queen of Scots

l 20 **Round Table**, King Arthur and his knights

l 32 **Conventicle** Nonconformist Chapel

p 21, l 1 **Gothic** See *Il Penseroso*, 155

l 8 **As ever**, Sonnet II

l 30 **Homer** The reference is to Ulysses, who was tempted by the sorceress Circe, who turned his followers into swine See *Comus*, 68

p 22, l 10 **Exquisite lines**, in the passage from *Il Penseroso* referred to above

p 23, l 12 **Malignants**. The Puritan term for the Royalists

l 32 **Cromwell**. See Sonnet XVI

Secular, imposed by the State

p 24, l 4 **sublime treatise**, *Areopagitica* (1644), Milton's famous treatise on the freedom of the Press

p 25, l 5 **Nitor** (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ii 72) "I struggle against resistance The Force which subdues all else impedes me not I fly in the contrary direction to the revolving sphere"

l 12 **Burke** the famous Liberal statesman (1729-1797) who advocated the conciliation of the American Colonies,

and was the author of the pamphlet entitled *Reflections on the French Revolution*. He took a leading part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings

l 20 **Seven-fold**, from *The Reason of Church Government*

l 25 **The Iconoclast** "The Image-breaker," Milton's reply to the *Eikon Basiliké*, or Kingly Image, supposed to be a book of devotions composed by Charles I while awaiting his execution

p 26, l 2 **Relic** A pamphlet known as *The Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, discovered and published just before Macaulay wrote this essay

l 25 **Elwood** A young Quaker who used to visit Milton after his blindness, and read to him and helped to transcribe his poetry. He is said to have suggested the theme of *Paradise Regained* to the poet

p 27, l 4 **Boswellism** The reference is to Boswell's blind admiration of Dr Johnson, the hero of his biography

l 15 **Virgin Martyr** St Dorothea, the heroine of Massinger's play (1622), who bestows upon her persecutors the fruits and flowers of Paradise

p 29, l 15 **Dante**, the hero of the first part of this lecture, was born in Florence in 1265, and died, an exile, at Ravenna in 1321. He was romantically attached to the beautiful Beatrice Portinari, whom he first saw at the age of nine, until her death in 1290. After this, he plunged into politics, and tried to compose the contending factions of Guelph and Ghibelline, which were distracting his native town. For this in 1301 he was perpetually banished, and while in exile he wrote his wonderful *Divine Comedy*, in which he wandered through Hell, Purgatory, and finally Heaven, under the guidance of the poet Vergil, and the protection of his beloved lady. As Dante is the hero, or type of Medieval Italy, Shakespeare is the embodiment of Elizabethan England with all its wealth of new ideas

p 30, l 15 **Igdrasil** The "Tree of Life" of Norse mythology. See Carlyle's description in his lecture on the Hero as King

p 32, l 17 **Novum Organum** (1620) The work in which Bacon propounds his theory for the application of the Inductive Method to the investigation of scientific problems. It is an epoch-making book, in the sense that modern science dates from this revolt against the Deductive Logic of the older Schoolmen. See Macaulay's *Essay on Bacon*, *passim*.

p 34, l 18 **Watches.** This is taken from Goethe's famous romance, *Wilhelm Meister*, III 2.

p 38, l 4 **Novalis** (1772-1801) His real name was Friedrich Ludwig von Hardenberg. He was a critic, poet and mystic, who exercised a great influence upon the Romantic Movement in Germany, and on Emerson and Carlyle. The quotation is from his *Fragments* (1799).

p 40, l 17 **Von Schlegel** (1767-1845) He was a well-known author and critic, who, in conjunction with Tieck, made the classical translation of Shakespeare into German.

p 42, l 2 **Disjecta** Scattered fragments.

l 10 **Scroll** A statue of Shakespeare stands in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, in which the poet is depicted as holding in his hand a scroll bearing the celebrated lines from *The Tempest*.

p 44, l 22 **Southampton** (1523-1624) Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was Shakespeare's patron. The poet dedicated to him *The Rape of Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis*. He is probably the person to whom so many of the sonnets are addressed and may be the mysterious "Mr W H" of the dedication.

p 49, l 6 **Francis I** invaded Italy in 1515, and won a great battle at Marignano. Leonardo returned to France with him, and this is why many of his masterpieces are now in the Louvre.

l 7 **Fontainebleau**, about thirty-seven miles from Paris. Here Francis I built his famous palace, which was decorated by Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea Del Sarto, and Benvenuto Cellini.

l 8 **Saint Anne** The mother of the Virgin Mary.

l 15 **Cimabue**, 1240-1302, was a Florentine painter and the father of Italian Art, which he learnt from the Byzantines.

l 29 **Leda**, the mother, by Jupiter, of Helen of Troy
Pomona A Roman goddess, patroness of orchards and gardens

p 50, l 3 **Dürer**. Albrecht, Durer, 1471-1528, the celebrated early German painter and engraver

l 13 **Vasari**, 1513-1574, the pupil of Michelangelo, known to posterity for his *Lives of the Italian Painters* (1550-1568)

Verrocchio, a famous craftsman among whose pupils was Leonardo da Vinci. He is best remembered by his equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni at Venice

p 56, ll 23-4 **Calle Lunga**, Long Lane of Saint Moses

p 57, l 7 **cortile**. Courtyard

p 58, l 2 **Vendita** "Fried fish and drink shop"

l 8 **calle**, Lane

Vini "Our own wine at 28 *soldi* the Litre" The *soldo*, or sou, was equivalent to a halfpenny

l 12 **Maraschino**, a well-known Italian liqueur

l 19 **pergola**, trellis-work

l 25 **frightful façade**. He refers to the ornamental front of this church, which is in the Renaissance style, always anathema to Ruskin!

l 27 **Piazza**, public square

p 59, l 2 **vast tower**, the famous bell-tower or Campanile in the Piazza outside St Mark's, which is the most conspicuous landmark in Venice. It recently fell down and was rebuilt

p 64, l 3 **Thrones** *Paradise Lost*, v 603

p 67, l 14 **The Standard** The English Standard was the Dragon of Wessex. By it stood Harold's own Standard with the device of the Armed Man. Both were planted on the summit of the hill of Senlac, the key of the English position. Here stood Harold, surrounded by his thegns and house carls, who formed a palisade of locked shields, which they defended with their battleaxes

l 16 **Roman Legend** The reference is to the old story of the Horatii and Curiatii (Livy, i 24). William, Ordo and

Robert were the sons of Robert the Magnificent, Duke of Normandy (1028-1035), Harold, Gyrth and Leofwine were the sons of Godwine, Earl of Kent

l 24 **The Bastard.** William was the illegitimate son of Arletta, daughter of a tanner of Falaise

p 68, l 32 **Prelate of Bayeux Count of Mortain.** William's half-brothers, Odo and Robert See above

p 69, l 7 **Metaurus** Livy, xxvii 49 Here Hasdrubal, coming to the relief of his brother, Hannibal, was defeated by the consul Nero, who cut off his head and had it thrown into Hannibal's camp (207 B C) Patroclus, the favourite of Achilles, and Antilochus, son of Nestor, were killed by Hector The *Iliad* of Homer is the epic of the "wrath of Achilles" at the death of Patroclus

l 21 **Destrier, charger**

l 25 **Cenomannian house** The Cenomanni were the ancient Gauls William's ancestor, Rolf, seized the territory now known as Normandy in 912 A D

p 79, l 14 **St Calixtus** 14th October

l 16 **Heu.** "Alas, he himself fell as the twilight came on"

l 17 **Twilight of the Gods** The *Götterdämmerung*, the end of the world in the old Norse poetry

p 79, l 23 **Holy Rood.** This was a wonder-working Cross, to enshrine which, Harold built the great Abbey at Waltham, beneath the High Altar of which he was buried

p 91, l 12 **Judges** Hitherto he had addressed them as "friends" or "Athenians" They were truly his "judges," for they had judged his case rightly Socrates was tried before the great Athenian jury of 500 "dikasts," of whom only a narrow majority, 280, voted for his condemnation He is here addressing the minority, who voted in his favour

p 92, l 23 **King** The Great King of Persia, symbol to the Greek mind of absolute power and might

p 93, l 3 **Minos, Rhadamanthus, Aeacus,** the Judges in the Infernal Regions

Triptolemus, the favourite of Ceres, who taught man agr. culture, which he had learnt from the goddess

l 6 **Orpheus, Musaeus, Homer, Hesiod.** The "sweet singers" of antiquity

l 9 **Palamedes, Ajax** Heroes of the Trojan War in the *Iliad* of Homer

l 18 **Leader, Agamemnon**

Odysseus, the hero of the *Odyssey*

l 19 **Sisyphus**, the crafty prince, condemned after his death to roll a rock to the top of a hill in Hell. The rock always rolled back again before reaching the summit

p 94, l 1 **The Sign** This was the Daemon, or Spiritual Monitor, the Voice which Socrates heard in his heart, and whose advice he always followed

p 95, l 8 **Catch me first** Socrates' humour does not desert him, even in the hour of death. Crito, like Ananda in the case of Buddha, forgets his master's teachings when the crisis is at hand

l 19 **The Eleven.** The body of officers charged with the duty of executing the decrees of the law

a cock to Asclepius Socrates' final words breathe a half-humorous allusion to the practice of making an offering to the God of Healing on recovery from an illness. Socrates had recovered from "Life's fitful fever"

p 122, l 17 **Walsingham** Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, was the foremost patron of the Elizabethan navigators, and of their chronicler, Hakluyt

l 31 **Primum Mobile** "First Moved," a kind of outer covering, which, according to the Ptolemaic system of the day, was supposed to enclose the whole solar system, and to give rise to such phenomena as the precession of the equinoxes

p 123, l 7 **Ahasuerus** The reference is to the Book of Esther, Chapter I, where Ahasuerus, King of Persia, is spoken of as ruling "from India to Ethiopia." The Panjab was conquered by Darius. There is much difficulty about the identity of this king, who is also mentioned in the Books

of Daniel and Ezra He may have been the Xerxes or Artaxerxes of the Greeks or perhaps the word is only a title

p 123, l 28 **Mutare** "I scorn to alter or to fear "

p 126, l 19 The phenomenon was, in reality, only a Sea Lion (a kind of large seal, with a mane), or a walrus, another large mammal of the Arctic regions

p 127, l 1 **Bonum Omen** Good omen

p 128, l 7 **Savannah** A grassy plain

p 129, l 2 **Castor and Pollux** The Greek name for the electric phenomenon known as St Elmo's fire or Corposant

p 129, l 16 **Stirbt ein Held** " A hero perished "

ENGLISH LITERATURE SERIES

General Editor J H FOWLER, M A

LATE ASSISTANT MASTER AT CLIFTON COLLEGE

- Addison**, Essays from. Ed by J H FOWLER, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Andersen**—Stories from. Selected by Mrs P A BARNETT Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Arabian Nights**—Stories from. Ed by A T MARTIN M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Arnold**—Prose Selections from *Matthew Arnold* Ed by Prof E T CAMPAGNAC
- Austen**—Pride and Prejudice Abridged by H A TREBLE, M A 1/6
- Sense and Sensibility Abridged and ed by Mrs F S BOAS Illustrated 2/-
- Ballads Old and New** Selected and ed by H B COTTERILL, M A Part I, 1/9 Part II Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Bates**—A Naturalist on the Amazonas Abridged and ed. by F A BRUTON, M A 80 Ill. illustrations 2/6
- Borrow**—Wanderings in Spain Ed by F A CAVENAGH M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Britain**—Tales of Old By E P ROBERTS Part I Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6 Part II Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Browning**—Selections from. Ed by Mrs M G GLAZEBROOK 1/6
- Pippa Passes Ed by Dr E A PARKER
- Balaustion's Adventure Ed by Dr E A PARKER
- Buckley**—Children of the Dawn. Old Tales of Greece By E F BUCKLEY With Introduction by A SIDGWICK, Notes and Subjects for Essays by J H FOWLER Part I, 1/6 Part II, Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Bunyan**—Pilgrim's Progress Abridged and ed by C F KNOX, M A 1/9
- Byron**—Childe Harold. Cantos III and IV Ed by J H FOWLER, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Carlyle**—Abbot Samson Chapters from "Past and Present," Book II Ed by F A CAVENAGH, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds 1/9
- Heroes and Hero-Worship Ed by H M BULLER, M A 2 Vols 2s each
- Cavendish**—Life of Wolsey Ed by MARY TOUT M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Cervantes**—Don Quixote Abridged and ed by C F KNOX Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Cobbett**—Rural Rides—Selections Ed by GUY BOAS 1/9
- Defoe**—Robinson Crusoe Abridged and ed by J HUTCHISON Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Dickens**—David Copperfield Abridged by H A TREBLE, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- A Christmas Carol. Ed by C F KNOX Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- A Tale of Two Cities Abridged and ed by C H RUSSELL, M A 1/9
- Nicholas Nickleby Abridged and ed by C F KNOX 1/9
- The Old Curiosity Shop. Abridged and ed by D M STUART 1/9
- Dumas**—The Three Musketeers. Abridged and ed by C J BROWN, M A, and H S WALKER M A 1/9
- Eliot**—Silvian Marner Abridged by MAY CORSEY Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Froude**—History of England Chapter I Ed by E H BLAKENEY
- Gaskell**—Cranford. Abridged and ed by Mrs F S BOAS Illustrated Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Gibbon**—The Age of the Antonines. (Chapters I III of the Decline and Fall) Ed by J H FOWLER, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire Narratives from, selected and ed by J H FOWLER, M A First Series Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Goldsmith**—Vicar of Wakefield Abridged by Mrs F S BOAS 1/9
- The Good Natured Man. Ed by ROBERT HERRING
- She Stoops to Conquer Ed by ROBERT HERRING
- Grimm**—Fairy Tales—A Selection Ed by A T MARTIN, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Hawthorne**—Stories from a Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys. Ed by J H FOWLER, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Tanglewood Tales Ed by J H FOWLER, M A Part I, Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6 Part II, Limp 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Hindu Tales from the Sanskrit** Translated by S M MITRA Ed by Mrs A BELL Limp 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- History**—A Book of Poetry Illustrative of English Ed by G DOWSE, B A Part I A D 61 1485 Part II The Tudors and Stuarts Part III The Hanoverian Dynasty 1/ each The 3 parts in 1 vol 2/6
- Indian History**—Tales from By Mrs A S ROE Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Irving**—Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and other Sketches. Ed by H M BULLER, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Keary**—Heroes of Asgard By A and E KEARY Adapted and ed by M R EARLE 1/9
- Keats**—Selections. Ed by B GROOM, M A 1/6
- Kingsley**—Andromeda, with the Story of Perseus prefixed Ed by GEORGE YELD, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Lamb**—Tales from Shakespeare Ed by H A TREBLE, M A First Series Limp, 1/3 Boards, 1/6 Second Series Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Longer Narrative Poems (18th Century)** Ed by G G LOANE, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Longer Narrative Poems (19th Century)** First Series Ed by G G LOANE, M A 1/6
- Longer Narrative Poems (19th Century)** Second Series Ed by G G LOANE, M A
- Longfellow**—Shorter Poems Ed by H B COTTERILL, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Macaulay**—Essay on Sir W Temple Ed by G A TWENTYMAN, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Essay on Frances Burney Ed by A D GREENWOOD Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6

ENGLISH LITERATURE SERIES—*Continued*

- Macaulay—Essay on Clive** Ed by H M BULLER M A Limp 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- **Essay on Warren Hastings** Ed by H M BULLER M A Limp 1/9 Bds, 2/
- **Narratives from** Ed by F JOHNSON, Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- **Essay on Addison** Ed by R F WINCH, M A Limp 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Malory—Morte D Arthur** Selections Ed by DOROTHY M MACARDLE Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Modern Poetry—A First Book of** Selected and arranged by H A TREBLE, M A 1/6
- Modern Poetry—A Second Book of** Selected and arranged by H A TREBLE M A 1/6
- Modern Poetry—A Third Book of** Selected and arranged by H A TREBLE, M A
- Modern Lyrics—Golden Treasury of** Ed by L BINYON With Notes by J H FOWLER M A Book I 2s 3d Book II, 2s 3d
- Morris—Life and Death of Jason** Abridged and ed by R W JEPSON, B A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Motley—The Rise of the Dutch Republic** Narratives from selected and ed by J HUTCHISON Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Napier—History of the Peninsular War** Narratives from, ed by M FANSHAW, B A. Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Njal and Gunnar** Ed by H MALIM M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Odyssey—The Boys** By W C PERRY Ed by T S PEPPIN, M A Limp 1/9 Bds, 2/-
- Orators—British** Passages Selected and Arranged by J H FOWLER, M A Limp 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Pandav Princes, The** Ed by WALLACE GANDY 1/9
- Parkman—Lancers of France in the New World.** Selections from, ed by KENNETH FORBES, M A Limp 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Pater—Selections** Ed by Mrs P A BARNETT
- Peacock—Maid Marian** Ed by F A CAVENAGH, M A Limp 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Persian Hero, A. Stories from the 'Shah Nameh.** Ed by W GANDY Limp, 1/6 Bds 1/9
- Plutarch—Life of Alexander** North's Translation Ed by H W M PARR, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- **Life of Julius Caesar** North's Translation Ed by H W M PARR, M A Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Prose—First Book of English for Repetition** Passages Chosen and Arranged by J H FOWLER M A Limp 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Prose—For Repetition** Selected and Arr by NORMAN L FRAZER M A Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Prose—Seventeenth Century** Selected and ed by L LEE Limp 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Rama, Prince of India, Wanderings of** Ed by W GANDY Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Reynard the Fox.** Ed by H A TREBLE M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6

- Ruskin—Crown of Wild Olive.** Ed by J H FOWLER, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- **Sesame and Lilies** Ed by A E FORTBES, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- **Selections from "The Stones of Venice,"** Ed by Dr E A PARKER 2/
- Scott—Ivanhoe** Abridged and ed by F JOHNSON Limp, 2/3 Bds 2/6
- **The Talisman** Abridged and ed by F JOHNSON Limp 2/3 Bds, 2/6
- **Tales of a Grandfather** Abridged and ed by J HUTCHISON First Series Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6 Second Series Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Sertum—A Garland of Prose Narratives** Selected and ed by J H FOWLER and H W M PARR Book I Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6 Book II Nineteenth Century Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Shakespeare—Select Scenes and Passages from the English Historical Plays** Ed by C H SPENCE, M A Limp 1/3 Bds 1/6
- **Midsummer-Night's Dream** Ed by P T CRESWELL M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Shelley—Selections** Ed by E H BLAKENEY M A 1/6
- Sheridan—The School for Scandal** Ed by ROBERT HERRING
- **The Rivals** Ed by ROBERT HERRING
- Sidney—Defence of Poesy** Ed by D M MACARDLE Limp 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Southey—Episodes from Life of Nelson** Ed by C H SPENCE, M A Limp, 1/3 Bds, 1/6
- Spenser—Tales from** By SOPHIA H MAC LEHOSE Limp, 1/6 Bds 1/9
- Stevenson—Travels with a Donkey** Ed by R L C HOUGHTON, M A 1/9
- **Virginius Puerisque and Other Papers** Ed by J H FOWLER, M A 1/9
- **An Inland Voyage** Ed by R E C HOUGHTON, M A 1/9
- Stow—A Survey of London** Selections from, ed by A BARTER Limp, 1/3 Bds 1/6
- Swift—Gulliver's Travels** Abridged and ed by G C FARLE B A 1/9
- Thackeray—The Rose and the Ring** Ed by D M STUART 1/9
- **Esmond** Abridged and ed by D M Stuart
- Thoreau—Chapters from Walden** Ed by A CRUSE Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Troy—The Tale of** Re-told in English by Aubrey Stewart Ed by T S PEPPIN, M A Limp, 1/9 Bds, 2/
- White—Selborne—Selections** Ed by F A BRUTON, M A 40 illus Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9
- Wordsworth—Prelud** Selections, including Book V Ed by B GROOM, M A 1/6
- Yonge—A Book of Golden Deeds** By CHARLOTTE M YONGE Abridged and ed by Mrs H H WATSON Parts I and II Limp, 1/6 Bds, 1/9 each

LONDON MACMILLAN AND CO, LTD

